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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLEES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

By MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION,
ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il guſto il mutar' eſca,
Così mi par, che la mia Iſtoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata ſia,
Meno a chi l'udirà nojoſa ſia. ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the ſickening taſte,
So, while my Muſe purſues her varied ſtrains,
Tale following Tale the raviſh'd ear detains. HOOLE.

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THE

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

CONTINUATION OF THE TWO REPUTATIONS.

A MORAL TALE.

LUZINCOURT, full of hope and joy, was convinced at laſt he was in love, and ſhut himſelf up in his own room, that he might enjoy, undiſturbed, the ſweet remembrance of a converſation which had ſo entirely changed his deſtiny. Every thing he had ſaid he recollected, ſtill imagin-

ing he might have ſaid the ſame thing better; every thing Aurelia had anſwered alſo, and even her private thoughts were imagined. At ten o'clock he remembered he had promiſed to ſup with Madame de Champroſe, and he got there juſt as they were ſitting down to table.

He went up to Madame de Champroſe in order to render an account of the ill ſucceſs of the commiſſion ſhe had given him, but ſhe interrupted him at the firſt word. 'I have received, ſaid ſhe, the politeſt note poſſible from M. Damoville, in which he promiſes to come and read his piece here next Monday. Luzincourt ſmiled, and made no reply, for he was not aſtoniſhed at the trick; he eaſily ſaw Damoville had only refuſed to give himſelf conſequence in the preſence of Aurelia, and he imagined, at the moment of refuſal, it would end by reading the piece.

After ſupper the Viſcount de Valrive was aſked if he knew any thing of Damoville's Comedy.—The Author, replied the Viſcount, is going to play and print his work, I have therefore never had a wiſh to hear it.

I forgot, anſwered Madame de Champroſe, your averſion to *Readings*.

I own I prefer reading to myſelf. I repeat paſſages that pleaſe me as often as I like, reflect without interruption, paſs over what I think dull,

and am not obliged to exhauſt myſelf in compliments. Cloſet reading has its charms, and I am perſuaded the world will ſometime again be of that opinion.

Never: One loves to judge before the Public ſees.

I can enjoy that ſatisfaction with every new work as ſoon as it is publiſhed. I buy and read it before the public has pronounced judgment. Beſides, how can you judge an Author, who comes, at your requeſt, and throws himſelf on your mercy; who ſeems to have no earthly wiſh but your approbation; who places a flattering and unbounded confidence in your opinion, and who enters with the ſweet certitude of charming and aſtoniſhing you? Who could deſtroy illuſions ſo agreeable by ſpeaking cruel truths? The rites of hoſpitality, gratitude, good manners, all require nothing ſhould be neglected, to ſend the Author away ſatisfied and happy. Should you ſeem tired, you diſtract him, and your apparent pleaſure is to him real. Could you then be ſo inhuman as to refuſe your applauſe? If you could, you would be both barbarous and unjuſt; for, when you aſked him to read his production, you tacitly entered into an engagement to repay him with praiſe. On this condition he came to your houſe: he is not one of your friends, not even one of your

acquaintance; you are therefore certain he does not come to diſcover the real merits of his piece, and hear truth; nor can you deny but that you will have little averſion to proteſt to him his work is a *Chef-d'œuvre*, and that you are delighted with it, however bad it may be.

There is ſome truth in this, replied Madame de Champroſe, but a good deal of exaggeration. I aſſure you I have often heard criticiſms at ſuch readings.

Yes! You have heard refined flattery.

Flattery?

Flattery. The Author is certain to aſk the company's opinion, and they know it is neceſſary to think of ſomething to ſay; and, as politeneſs requires an appearance of ſincerity, a few criticiſms are ſeldom wanting, which are, in fact, ſo many praiſes; that is to ſay, feeble and frivolous objections, over which it is meant an Author ſhould triumph. But did you ever hear the Author told his plan was ill conceived, his work ill written, or that he wanted taſte?

So you accuſe all who attend theſe kind of readings of diſſimulation?

No; for, were I preſent, I ſhould do the ſame. There are a multitude of truths too ſevere to be told, eſpecially by people who live in ſociety, and would be thought amiable. Suppoſe a weak mother

ther were to aſk you what you thought of her ſtupid or deformed child, would you candidly tell her? If a fool repeat a repartee, as his own, which you have read in a jeſt book, would you accuſe him of falſehood and folly? Every queſtion which vanity dictates, when aſked by a perſon who is indifferent to us, requires a polite anſwer. Neither does the giving it make you deceitful: it is common good manners.

All which tends very powerfully to prove, it is impoſſible to ſpeak truth to an Author, unleſs you are his intimate friend. But, pray tell me, do you think Authors can very well diſtinguiſh whoſe praiſes are ſincere?

They! Not they indeed. They have an inexhauſtible fund of faith and ſimplicity on this head. In ſociety flattery has it's bounds, which however paſſes ceaſes to be polite, takes an air of irony, and offends. A woman ought to be agreeable to be told ſhe is an Angel; if ſhe be ugly, the charms of her mind, or her good ſhape, only, muſt be mentioned, for ſelf-love does not uſually render us totally blind. Men of Letters muſt be excepted. Tell one of them, boldly, who never wrote any thing but a Pamphlet or a Farce, he is a man of Genius, and he will take your word for it with all imaginable ſincerity; for, as ſoon as he himſelf is the ſubject of praiſe, nothing can

be extravagant. How would he laugh at the inebriety of a brother, led aſtray by the apparent enthuſiaſm of his hearers; yet put him inſtantly in the ſame ſituation, and he would inſtantly have the ſame credulity. However, were Authors really to feel the truth, they would not leave off their readings, it being a ſpecies of policy well underſtood by them.

How ſo?

It is a certain means of ſuddenly acquiring, at little expence, a deal of Fame. Permit me, madam, for example, to ſuppoſe, notwithſtanding *the politeſt of poſſible notes*, which Damoville has ſent you, his Comedy ſhould be a bad one.

Well; what then?

Remembering the Billet, and the complaiſance of the Author, you are determined to make it thought as well of as poſſible; you will invite fifteen or twenty people to hear it, to whom you will repeat every thing you have heard in it's praiſe, and thus then are fifteen or twenty people prejudiced in it's favour. While it is reading you will ſeem delighted, enchanted, and will be very deſirous of obliging the Author; ſelf-love will contribute ſomewhat to this, for you would not wiſh to ſee perſons you have invited all dull and tired; you are not ignorant of the dependence placed on your underſtanding; you take advantage

of

of this circumſtance to deceive people who are led by you, and they depart fully perſuaded they have been entertained, and that the work is a good one; or, at leaſt, having been induced by you to praiſe the Author, they never after can ſay otherwiſe; for, after carrying flattery to a certain height, they are obliged, in honour, to maintain their ground. I know there will be four foreigners preſent, at your reading, two Engliſhmen, a Pole, and a German, who will ſoon return into their own country, whither they will carry a high admiration of the abilities of Damoville, whom they will affirm to enjoy a great reputation in France; and thus the Courts of England, Poland, and Germany, will reſound with the praiſes of Damoville. In the mean time his piece is played, and condemned by the public. At preſent, however, there is no longer a ſhameful defeat to be feared at the Theatre; preventatives are taken, and even the Author is called for. Illuſtrious protectors appear in the boxes, the firſt repreſentation is conducted with decency, and tickets, diſperſed with a noble profuſion, procure three or four others; after which the indiſpoſition of an Actor has obliged the Author to withdraw his piece: he prints it, and in his preface congratulates himſelf on his great and brilliant ſucceſs, and thanks the Public, with equal modeſty and truth, for the pretended

applauſe they have beſtowed. Imagine what effect this preface muſt produce in England, Poland, and Germany, already favourably diſpoſed. Theſe things are ſomewhat ridiculed at Paris; but, even there, the People of Faſhion, though half undeceived, maintain the Author has great abilities, and his reputation extends itſelf over the country, and among Foreigners; and the more ſo becauſe the Journaliſts give the moſt flattering account of the work.

There is always, however among the infinity of Journaliſts, one or two who judge properly and impartially.

Yes; but when they criticiſe an Author who has employed all the means I have juſt deſcribed, it is eaſy to make them appear envious, malignant, or unjuſt.

I can eaſily conceive that Authors, who are not endowed with exceſſive delicacy, may be ſatisfied with this kind of reputation; and the rather becauſe it will excite no one's envy, nor as any thing more to be wiſhed, except that it were real.

Luzincourt, who had juſt then ended a party at Piquet, roſe, and, approaching the Viſcount, ſaid, It is high time I ſhould come and defend the cauſe of Men of Letters, whom you treat ſo very freely.

You

You have nothing, my dear Luzincourt, in common with thoſe I take the liberty to laugh at, replied the Viſcount; I attack intriguers only. Woe be to him who is offended at my criticiſm, for he accuſes himſelf. I might name many beſides you, Luzincourt, whom I admire and eſteem.

Not readers of their Manuſcripts, I imagine.

It is poſſible to give into this faſhion through weakneſs, or out of real complaiſance; and this is what I always ſuppoſe when the Author is not a known Partiſan.

But wherefore all this animoſity, ſaid Madame de Champroſe, againſt theſe poor Partizans? What harm have they done you?

A great deal; they weary me, and write bad books.

You reproach them with an involuntary crime.

That I beg leave to deny; for, were they to conſecrate that time to labour and reflection they give to intrigue, they would either write better or not write at all. I know ſome who really poſſeſs abilities, which are loſt for want of cultivation. Beſides, the ſpirit of party narrows the mind, exterminates feeling, and depraves the heart. How can a man unceaſingly buſy himſelf about the little arts of Cabal, and preſerve ſublime and noble ſentiments?—An impartial and reaſonable Man

of Letters, who would take the trouble to unveil the myſteries and little ſcandals of Cabal to the public eye, would render Literature a moſt eſſential ſervice.

Do you recollect, interrupted Luzincourt, the fortitude neceſſary for ſuch an undertaking? He who writes againſt Religion and Morality may pleaſe a great part of the Public, and will offend none but good people, who never entertain hatred; they are ſatisfied with complaining of, or deſpiſing, the Author: but he who ſhould diſcloſe the ſecrets of intrigue, would draw upon himſelf an innumerable crowd of envenomed foes, the more dangerous inaſmuch as there is no curb, no principle, to reſtrain the exceſs of their reſentment. Do you not behold the audacious Author, falling a victim to thoſe mean tricks and obſcure manœuvres which he ſo imprudently deſpiſed? To know them is not to be guarded againſt them. Imagine then the conſequences of ſuch an enterprize; the cries, the clamours, the furies of Hatred; aſtoniſhed Journaliſts, bitter Criticiſms, Satires, Libels; in fact, all which Anger, Revenge, and Party can produce.

You will allow merit in foreſeeing all this, and yet encountering it all.——There would, no doubt, be a thouſand ſecret Arts, Calumnies, Libels, and all you have deſcribed, excepting *cries*

and

and clamours. The people, we ſpeak of, wiſh not to excite theſe, except when they write againſt Religion or Government. They underſtand their own principles too well to increaſe the rumour, which a work like this, full of bold and uſeful truths, ought naturally to incite; they, on the contrary, would affect the utmoſt indifference, a kind of contempt, were you to aſk them about the work; though there had been an edition of it ſold in a week, they would negligently reply they had not read it; except you were ſuppoſed to be an enemy of the Author; in which caſe they would tell you, in a poſitive but cold and tranquil way, the work was good for nothing, that it was beſides intolerably malignant; then, without ſeeming to think it worthy farther notice, would change the diſcourſe to any trifling indifferent ſubject.

Really, ſaid Madame de Champroſe, I ſhould then think their conduct ſublime. Paſſion perſuades nobody, while that air of coolneſs is impoſing, and, in the eyes of fools, at leaſt, gives calumny an appearance of reaſon. But how will you make this prudent plan agree with thoſe biting Libels and Satires, of which you juſt now ſpoke?

Libels excite attention; nor are their Authors ignorant, that they give more celebrity than they can do harm,

Very true; but paſſion makes an Author inconſiſtent; and the pleaſure of defaming, beyond bounds, a perſon he hates, the hope of ruining, and driving his enemy to deſpair, urges him to exceed probability. As for ſociety he dares not exceed a certain point; nay, not to appear unjuſt, is obliged to mix up a little occaſional praiſe with his cenſure. Whereas, in an anonymous Pamphlet, all theſe conſtraints are evaded, which Decorum and Policy impoſe.

But how could you, Viſcount, know all this?

When men of the world are men of obſervation, they know more than all the Philoſophers; though, if they do not obtain a knowledge of the human heart, and a truth and delicacy in their remarks, they may paſs their lives in the moſt extenſive ſocieties, without ever acquiring much wiſdom. No writer has dared to paint, in a circumſtantial manner, the various arts of the Literati (*a*). All Authors, almoſt, have flattered each other; ſeveral of them have drawn a parallel between men of letters and men of the world; in which, for the honour of the corps to which they belonged, they never failed to give themſelves

(*a*) Let this be underſtood as ſpoken in general; and be it, at the ſame time, acknowledged with pleaſure, that truth and juſtice may admit many exceptions.

the

the preference. Many a time have I been tempted to anſwer them like the Lyon in the Fable.

The thing revers'd had been, and true,
Could Lions paint as well as you (*a*).

But this cannot be ſaid at preſent, replied Luzincourt; for Lions, as you are pleaſed to call yourſelves, do paint.

Yes, yes, but they do not *exhibit*; and Manuſcripts, in Literature, have no great authority.

It ſeems to me, that an illuſtrious Writer, in his Perſian Letters, has treated Men of Literature, the Journaliſts, and even the French Academy, without the leaſt ceremony.

He has ſaid many excellent things on this ſubject, as well as on others; but, in my opinion, he has rather written a Satire than a temperate Criticiſm; and violent Satire proves nothing.

"Moſt Authors," ſays Monſieur de Monteſquieu, "reſemble Poets, who patiently endure "beating; but who, free of their ſhoulders, are in- "tolerably jealous of their works; to which they "will not ſuffer the leaſt offence to be offered (*b*)."

Beſides,

(*a*) See La Fontaine's Fable of the Picture of the Lion vanquiſhed by the Man.

(*b*) His manner of deſcribing the French Academy is not more moderate. "I have heard," ſays Rica, "of a "ſort

Beſides, the criticiſms of M. de Monteſquieu, are too abſolute; he does not ſeem to admit exceptions; and ranges, without diſtinction, all Men of Letters under the ſame claſs; he ſeems to think them all caballers and contemptible; he never allows there are many worthy to be propoſed as models, and truly valuable by their virtues and genius; yet ſuch would be the language of reaſon and impartiality.

I am of your opinion, cried Luzincourt; and think that thoſe who have undertaken to criticiſe Men of Letters, have too often forgotten juſtice and decorum; and, at the ſame time, have

"ſort of Tribunal, called the French Academy, than "which nothing in this world is leſs revered; for, as I "am told, as ſoon as they have paſſed ſentence, the Pub-"lic reverſe the Decree.——The Judges, in this Court, "have nothing to do but babble; flattery comes by "inſtinct, and takes part in their eternal prating; and "no ſooner is a Member initiated than the Dæmon "of Panegyric enters him, never to quite his tenement. "This Body has forty Heads—Eyes are out of the "queſtion; it ſeems contrived to ſpeak only, not to ſee. "It never ſtands firm on it's feet; for Time, who is "it's eternal Foe, ſhakes it every inſtant, and pulls down "all it erects. Formerly its Hands were ſaid to be "griping, but of this I ſhall be ſilent, and leave thoſe "who are better informed to ſpeak."

Lettres Perſannes, Letter LXXIV.

never

never properly painted their moſt ridiculous foibles (*a*).

It

(*a*) I find truth, however, in the following Criticiſm the Author ſpeaks of falſe Philoſophers thus :—" Did " Wits content themſelves with impoſing on the vulgar " only, concerning ſuch important trifles as employ " themſelves, and to be the arbitrators of which, for- " merly, ſatisfied their pride, they would be, at worſt, " but uſeleſs ; but they pretend to deſpotiſm on far " more ſerious ſubjects: Government, Morals, and even " Religion, fall within their juriſdiction ; nor are we " permitted to believe what they hold unworthy of be- " lief. They preach up Tolerance, but perſecute who- " ever differ from them ; call themſelves Citizens of the " world, but have no love for their Country ; which " they do not heſitate to diſturb, by the moſt dangerous " ſyſtems ; and, finally, beſtow the fine titles of Phi- " loſophers upon themſelves. This word, which once " only meant *a Lover of Wiſdom*, has, with them, a much " more ſublime ſignification. The Philoſophers of An- " tiquity were but the Diſciples of the Sage ; our Phi- " loſophers are Sages themſelves ; in quality of which " they erect themſelves into Legiſlators, not only of " Literature, but of our Political and Religious Creed. " They are Founders ! Inſtitutors ! Apoſtles ! What " are they not ?" *Traité de l' Amitié.*

This free, unaſſuming, and temperate paſſage, is written by a woman, Madame de * * *, Author of ſeveral deſervedly eſteemed works. She has written a Treatiſe on Friendſhip ; a Treatiſe on the Paſſions ; Thoughts and Moral Reflexions ; Novels ; and has tranſlated

Works

It was not long, after this converſation, before Luzincourt had reaſon to be convinced, the Viſcount had not been guilty, in all he had ſaid, of the leaſt deviation from truth.

Aurelia had no longer any prejudices againſt Luzincourt; but ſhe was not yet acquainted with the character of Damoville. She ſtill ſuppoſed he had a vaſt friendſhip for Luzincourt; and imagined that an exceſſive and unreaſonable delicacy often rendered him too ſuſceptible, exigent, and ſometimes unjuſt. She read again the work of Luzincourt, and could not help ſecretly thinking that Damoville poſſeſſed neither the ſame extent of obſervation, taſte, nor greatneſs of mind. But nobody praiſed Luzincourt; he was read, but not puffed; on the contrary, he was defamed by many.

To balance her good opinion of the latter, ſhe was much ſtruck by the reputation of Damoville; it flattered her vanity, and made the teſtimony of her heart waver. As to the Men of Letters Damoville had introduced to her acquaintance, ſhe began to ſee them as they were, with ridiculous pretenſions, exceſſive and ſilly pride, and much more pedantry than knowledge. Often

Works on Chymiſtry and Experimental Philoſophy, from the Engliſh, to which ſhe has added very inſtructive Notes.

would

would ſhe ſay to herſelf, Wherefore is underſtanding given, if it cannot teach us the art to pleaſe; if it can neither beſtow propriety, good taſte, nor elegant manners, which are the delights of ſociety?

Damoville told Aurelia, in confidence, towards the cloſe of Winter, he was going to publiſh a Philoſophic Work, which would make a great noiſe. His Novel, contrary to his expectations, had produced no effect, but for this time, he was not deceived. He openly attacked Religion in his work; it was cenſured, prohibited, and, conſequently, ſold, to the very laſt copy, in leſs than a fortnight.

Luzincourt ſeeing the conſequences of this kind of fame, to the Author, ſuppoſed him afflicted, or frightened, at leaſt; he therefore returned purpoſely, from the country, to afford him every ſervice in his power. He arrived about five in the evening, and found Damoville dreſt to go out; he went with him into his cabinet, and, as ſoon as they were alone, ſaid, I am happy to obſerve, my friend, you have ſo much fortitude.

Damoville burſt into a laugh. What didſt thou think then, cried he, to find me overwhelmed in conſternation?——Doſt thou not know, that the work was brought up as ſoon as it appeared? Never was ſeen ſuch ſucceſs; I have not a ſingle

copy

copy left. I am now preparing a ſecond edition, in which I ſhall inſert a few things that cannot fail of their effect. They may, perhaps, procure the work the honour of being publickly burnt; if my ambition does not deceive me, I think I may reaſonably expect it.

Suppoſe you ſhould be baniſhed?

Pray heaven I may! What importance would it give my work! I ſhould be received like a man of Genius, a perſecuted Hero, in foreign lands, whence I ſhould inundate France with an ocean of ink which never will flow from my pen, if they take no notice of me. The difficulty of obtaining permiſſion to print in France is a thing which will, henceforth, claim my attention. I have made trial, and find how it may be turned to account. Yes, my friend, you now behold me ranked with Philoſophers(*a*), who have protected, ſupported me. I now am out of their debt. By adopting their principles, I am become their equal, and may depend upon their conſtant and faithful friendſhip.

What if you are deprived of liberty?

Pſhaw! Perſecution is not ſo outrageous as we pretend. Who among us has ever fallen a victim to his audacity? We talk, continually, of ſuch

(*a*) It ſhould not be forgotten that Damoville ſpeaks, and not the Author; I certainly never ſhould confound Philoſophers with ſuch people.

things,

things, without troubling ourſelves about their reality, provided we may but declaim and write diſſertations. Perſecution is now no more; its abuſes and revolting abſurdities were known before the writings of Voltaire. Was the Author of *l'Hiſtoire des Oracles* (*a*), one of the founders of Modern Philoſophy, perſecuted? Yet there does not exiſt a work of the kind, the intention of which may be more eaſily ſeen through (*b*). What Man of Letters, ſince Fontenelle, has loſt his property or liberty in the ſame cauſe? I remember none. No, no, it is perfectly well underſtood, that Religion cannot receive a more fatal wound, than by perſecuting in it's name.—Do not be uneaſy, my friend; thy fears for me are all chimerical. But it is half paſt five o'clock; wilt thou go with me to the Theatre?

Luzincourt accepted the propoſition, and immediately went with Damoville.

The two Authors placed themſelves in the Pit, where Damoville perceived, at ſome diſtance, a Man of Literature, and one of his friends. Is not that Blinval? cried he. He has been to Flanders; I did not know he was returned. Some days before his departure, he publiſhed a kind of Poem, in proſe,

(*a*) The Hiſtory of Oracles, by M. de Fontenelle.

(*b*) Therefore has this work been ſo much praiſed, though it is equally dull and ill written.

which

which has had but little ſucceſs; and yet there is *Philoſophy* in it.

Yes, replied Luzincourt, laughing, but it was not *prohibited*, and it remains with the Bookſeller.

Damoville roſe to get nearer to Blinval, who likewiſe made his approaches. Blinval gave Damoville joy of his fame, and of his happineſs likewiſe; and he, in return, praiſed Blinval's Poem.——Would you believe, ſaid the latter, ſighing, it has neither been cenſured nor prohibited?

Why really this is inconceivable.

My Paragraph upon Tolerance.

I remember——It is very daring.

I may ſay, I never ſaw, in any work, bolder touches——The intention was viſible enough; and yet it paſſed unnoticed.—I am juſt now, however, writing a thing on Perſecution, which will rouze them from their lethargy, or I am deceived.——Indeed, if it does not, I muſt quit the trade, for it will not be worth following.

Luzincourt liſtened with attention to this curious Dialogue; and, as ſoon as he came home, faithfully wrote it down. If ever I ſhould preach on Tolerance, ſaid he, I will not repeat the common-place things that are now worn ſo threadbare, I will only tranſcribe this ſhort converſation between Blinval and Damoville; for truths, ſo

frankly

frankly expreſſed, ought to make a deep impreſſion.—Poor Authors, who abandon the right cauſe, only to enſure the ſale of your works, what muſt become of ye, if, inſtead of lighting up that indignation, the effects of which you find ſo uſeful, you ſhould excite nothing but virtuous Compaſſion, and that cold quiet Contempt which Folly and obſtinacy ought ever to inſpire.

When Luzincourt had written this reflection in his Diary, he went to ſup at Aurelia's. He had not ſeen her ſince the appearance of Damoville's work; and, notwithſtanding all that was ſaid, concerning its pretended merits, ſhe could not admire vain declamations, the tendency of which was the deſtruction of Religion.

Damoville could feign; but his natural levity and indiſcretion would not admit of permanent and conſiſtent diſſimulation. Intoxicated with fame, and the praiſes which thoſe who call themſelves Philoſophers, ſo prodigally beſtowed, he could neither moderate nor conceal his exceſſive joy. Aurelia eaſily read his heart, diſcovered his intentions, motives, policy, and, in a word, his whole ſyſtem.

Errors of the underſtanding ſhe could have excuſed; but ſhe heartily deſpiſed a man without principles or character, influenced by the ſpirit of Party, guided by the worſt kind of vanity, premeditatedly

ditatedly dangerous, leſs blind than wilful, and ſacrificing every thing to intereſt, and the mad deſire of being talked of.

Thus informed, Aurelia delighted to compare the conduct of Damoville to that of Luzincourt, nor could ſhe unveil the firſt without doing juſtice to the ſecond. She found how much preferable was the reputation of Luzincourt to that of Damoville. The latter, ſaid ſhe, it is true, is highly puffed, but by whom? By people who praiſe his talents becauſe he praiſes theirs; who eſteem his writings becauſe he writes their opinions. They have ſaid to him, "Imbibe our maxims, copy, "repeat what we have been repeating theſe thirty "years, and we will maintain you are a Man of "Genius." Such is the foundation of his fame.

Luzincourt has no puffers, for he diſdains cabalting, intriguing, and party ſpirit; he has enemies, for he is impartial, and dares proclaim whatever he thinks uſeful truths: he has no enthuſiaſtic Partiſans, for, far from flattering, he combats the paſſions, reſpects Religion and Morality, and is more deſirous of gaining information than of pleaſing. Morality, indeed, be it preſented under what ſeducing form it may, will ever wear an auſtere aſpect: a ſalutary leſſon may be heard with pleaſure, and it's utility felt, but never received with tranſport: therefore are moral works rather profound

profound than attractive, and do not incite enthuſiaſm in even thoſe who taſte their beauties: they are ſpoken of with more eſteem than affection.

Who then are the admirers of Luzincourt? Good Citizens; all who love Virtue. Who are his Enemies? Impious Atheiſts, Caballers, and all who have neither principles nor morals. The number may terrify, but the moſt inveterate Detractor never will dare affirm an Author, of irreproachable purity, can be a contemptible Author; while Reaſon, equitable and ſevere, will always regard as ſuch, in ſpite of his abilities, the unfortunate Writer who endeavours to corrupt his Readers.

Such were the reflections of Aurelia, which, yet, ſhe would not communicate to Luzincourt. Before ſhe would place unbounded confidence in him, ſhe wiſhed more intimately to know his character and ſentiments. One day, being alone with him, ſhe ſaid——I love the ſimplicity of your manners and conduct, but think you carry your contempt of Fortune and literary Honours, to which you have a juſt pretenſion, too far.

I aſſure you, madam, far from deſpiſing the honours you allude to, I think highly of them.

And yet you have never been a Candidate for the Prize of Eloquence.

Remember

Remember the difficulty of the attempt, madam. The Academy gives a ſubject, preſcribes the length of the work, and afterwards commands you to praiſe and be eloquent. Be my wiſhes ever ſo ardent, it is neceſſary, in order to exert my powers, that the ſubject ſhould pleaſe me; that the perſon on whom I write an Eulogium be ſuch a one, preciſely, as I myſelf would have ſelected from among all the great men who have ever exiſted, if I deſired to praiſe an individual; and that the length, preſcribed by the Academy, ſhould accord with my plan. Were not all theſe accidents to meet, I own I ſhould poſſeſs neither feeling, fancy, nor truth; ſhould be cold, emphatical, and incorrect; in ſhort, ſhould write a vile panegyric.

Write, however, write; they will give you credit for your good-will; and, it ſeems to me, that has long been all they have required.

Pardon me, madam; they have, as you ſay, no doubt, a remarkable degree of indulgence, in many reſpects; but there is one thing they poſitively require, to which I could not poſſibly ſubmit.

What is that?

It is an eſtabliſhed uſage, and cuſtom has made it a law, that the ſubjects ſhould all be treated in the ſame form and ſtyle; the ſame expreſſions, the

ſame

ſame metaphors, muſt be employed to praiſe a Painter and Turenne, a man of wit, or Henry IV. Inſomuch that the diſcourſe might at any time be written before the ſubject of it was known, leaving only proper blanks for the name, and adding, as ſoon as the *Great Man* ſhould be announced a few Anecdotes and ſelect Repartees: for theſe ornaments are held indiſpenſible.

I ſee you are right, and I am now perſuaded that moſt of the Eulogiums I have read have been thus written. But, well remembered—Do you know Damoville's Comedy is to be played at the French Theatre to-morrow? I have a Box, and, I muſt inſiſt upon it, you ſhall go with me.

Luzincourt durſt not refuſe, and went.

The Piece, in ſpite of Partizans, and all the prudent precautions of Damoville, had exactly the reception foretold by the Viſcount de Valrive. Redoubled applauſes, during the firſt ſcene, ſufficiently ſpoke the good will of one part of the Pit: various Ladies in the Boxes, who were animated by the recollection of having heard it read, joined with tranſport. More than one fan was broken: and this continued through the half of the firſt Act.

In the ſecond the plaudits were not ſo loud, for the audience began to hear; and, in the third, the moſt zealous Partizans ſeemed quite overcome

with wearineſs. When the curtain dropt, however, a few timid and half daring voices called for the Author, but no echo replied; and Aurelia, at quitting her Box, ſaid to Luzincourt, they might have ſpared their trouble, the Piece can never do. Poor Damoville! How uneaſy he will be this evening. What ſhall we ſay to him? For there is no ſaying the Piece was not condemned; and what conſolations can be offered to an Author under public condemnation?

Theſe reflections only proved Aurelia's inexperience; this ſhe was ſoon convinced of: Damoville, according to his promiſe, came to ſupper, was announced, and Aurelia was thinking of ſomething to ſay concerning the injuſtice of the Public, when he approached her with a triumphant air. I am come a little late, ſaid he, for as I left the Theatre, I met with ſeveral perſons of my acquaintance, and one cannot get away, one is obliged to receive compliments and congratulations according to cuſtom. In fact I have reaſon to be ſatisfied; I was informed there would be a formidable party againſt me, and perhaps they may be more ſucceſsful another time; to day they durſt not ſhew their good intentions, becauſe they found the Public was not with them. But pray tell me, madam, how you were pleaſed?

This

This queſtion was ſo unforeſeen that Aurelia was confounded; ſhe bluſhed, ſtammered, but made no reply. Damoville, turning towards the reſt of the company, obliged them all, by his queſtions, to affirm his Piece had had the greateſt ſucceſs; then, returning to Aurelia, ſaid, Did not you remark, madam, how the Public felt that paſſage which terminates the ſecond Scene of the third Act?

Yes, all was attention, all was *calm*.

I never heard more applauſe than in the firſt Act, which you know is full of wit; but, the moment they began to be intereſted in the Plot, there was, as you have well obſerved, a moſt remarkable and redoubled attention. No more noiſe——It was then that I was really ſatisfied; and the more ſo becauſe the Piece is not written to pleaſe the Pit; the touches are too fine, too delicate, and it abounds in ſuch kind of ſtrokes.

Supper was ſerved, and the company ſat down to table, where Damoville affected the utmoſt gaiety. It required not much penetration, however, to diſcover he was not in his heart ſo merry and happy as he would ſeem.

After ſupper Damoville again talked of his Piece; nor did he forget to intereſt the pride of thoſe who had been at his readings, where they had maintained it was excellent. You foreſaw,

you predicted, it's ſucceſs, ſaid he, with underſtanding and taſte; it is not poſſible to be deceived, reſpecting the merits or defects of a work of imagination. In fine, Damoville, on this occaſion, ſhewed himſelf ſuperior to fortune; never was defeat ſuſtained with leſs dejection, never were reſources better underſtood, or employed with more preſence of mind.

By thus ſhewing a feigned ſatisfaction, he impoſed on many people. He is content, and no doubt has cauſe ſo to be, ſaid they. He could not, however, ſuſtain this prudent diſſimulation throughout; he congratulated himſelf on his ſucceſs in his preface, but affirmed, at the ſame time, that taſte and underſtanding were baniſhed, and that we were again declining towards barbarity. Thus it is that diſcontent betrays itſelf.

Though Luzincourt did not entirely know Aurelia's ſentiments, he could eaſily perceive ſhe had loſt much of her admiration for Damoville; but the latter ſo perfectly poſſeſſed the art of making himſelf of conſequence that Luzincourt durſt not flatter himſelf Aurelia was fully convinced concerning his real merit. Damoville knew how to make himſelf praiſed, in her preſence, with an addreſs that might well impoſe upon her. The obliging things which had been ſaid to him in her abſence he continually recited, but with ſo much art

that

that he took from it that appearance of vanity which ſhocks the hearer. Sometimes he aſſumed an air of ſentiment, and knowing, as he ſaid, how much Aurelia condeſcended to intereſt herſelf in his ſucceſs, told her of all that made him happy; which confidence, ſaid he, comes from the heart, and is not the effect of ſelf-love; neither did he wiſh any other perſon to know ſuch things: he vaunted of the good opinion others had of him, only to give her friendſhip a pleaſure it ſo well knew how to taſte; beſides, he dreaded to give envy new motives to defame and perſecute him.

Sometimes, taking another tone, he would repeat, laughing, and ſeem himſelf to diſcredit ſome flattering thing which had been ſaid of him; but which was rather too ſtrong to be told ſeriouſly. In which caſe, he ſpoke of it as of ſomething extravagant; a pleaſant kind of ſally. This ingenious and modeſt form will make any thing paſs; the misfortune is, it is too eaſily ſeen through. Luzincourt perceived Damoville's intentions, but could not yet diſcover what impreſſion they made on the mind of Aurelia.

One evening, as Luzincourt ſat talking with Aurelia, a ſervant came for him from the Viſcount de Valrive, deſiring him to come inſtantly to the Viſcount's Siſter-in-law. He went, and, as he entered the chamber of Madame de Valrive,

was terrified at the conſternation he beheld in every countenance. As I am going, dear Luzincourt, to Verſailles, ſaid the Viſcount, and ſhall not return to dinner to-morrow, I wiſhed to inform you ——

Of what? What has happened!

A dreadful accident —— That unfortunate Baron —— de Vercenay! —— Shot himſelf this evening at eight o'clock, and ſo publickly there is no poſſibility of concealing this deplorable event.

The Baron de Vercenay! Shot himſelf!

His affairs were greatly deranged; but, as he had ſeveral places under government, he might, by retrenching, and ſacrificing an eſtate, have paid his debts, and recovered his fortune, in four or five years. He was magnificent, loved parade, and could not reſolve on ſuch prudent and rational means. Haunted by his creditors, drove to decide on ſomething, and unreſtrained by religious principles, he eaſed himſelf of an exiſtence which was become burthenſome. He has bequeathed a wife and three children to beggary; for his death has taken away the bounties of his Sovereign, and the penſions he enjoyed. This is the effect of Atheiſm.

And ſhall Authors, who ſeek to overturn religion, dare mention Benevolence and Humanity!

Madame

Madame de Valrive ſighed. It is true, ſaid ſhe, the unhappy Baron never read any but books of that kind.

One remarkable circumſtance, whiſpered the Viſcount to Luzincourt, is, he was perſuaded Damoville's book was a wonderful performance. He did not fail to buy and admire a work that was cenſured and prohibited; and it was found lying open on a table, in the room where he killed himſelf.

Luzincourt ſhuddered! Thoſe who have written ſuch works, ſaid he, never imagined what would be the horrid conſequences: had the moſt daring, the moſt hardened of them all foreſeen them, had they reflected but a moment on them, they would have ſtarted from their purpoſes.

Never, ſaid the Viſcount, was ſuicide more frequent in England, than it has been for theſe laſt five and twenty years in France. No man among us but has been acquainted with ſome one who has murdered himſelf. Such are the pernicious fruits of impiety.

Many of theſe works, I own, ſaid Luzincourt, favour Materialiſm; but, it ſeems to me, they ſeldom dare deny the exiſtence of a God, and that Deiſm is much more common than Atheiſm.

Becauſe it was eaſily foreſeen Deiſm would engage more Proſelytes than Atheiſm. Every thing

atteſts the exiſtence of a God, the Creator of the Univerſe; by admitting a truth ſo deeply engraven on the heart of man, thoſe who attack Religion do not ſhock the feeling mind ſo much, and more eaſily ſeduce the ſuperficial; but they all agree, the wicked ſhall not receive eternal puniſhment. Could they ſo far corrupt my heart as to perſuade me Louis IX. and Cartouche enjoy, at this moment, the ſame deſtiny, who ſhould hinder me from committing a convenient crime, not liable to be diſcovered? If life were burthenſome, who ſhould make me ſupport it? How ſhould I overcome paſſion, and reſiſt unceaſing temptations to do ill in ſecret, and with impunity, could I ſuppoſe God beheld all my actions with equal indifference, and that his juſtice would never call me to account? Such are the horrible effects of ſyſtems ſo extravagant! Oh! that theſe pretended Philoſophers could hear the cries and groans of this wretched Baron's widow! That they beheld her pale, diſhevelled, ſeized with horror, bathing her unfortunate children in her tears, and exclaiming, in a voice interrupted by ſobs——"Oh my children, revere Religion!"——This is the cry of a deſpairing heart, accuſing thoſe corrupt Writers, of it's fatal ills, who attack Religion with ſo much conſtancy and rage.

What

What aſtoniſhes me, ſaid Luzincourt, is, that it can be ſuppoſed theſe pernicious errors are ſcattered through a love of humanity! Intend they to root out Fanaticiſm? It had no exiſtence, when works like theſe firſt appeared. Beſides, the Goſpel affords the beſt arms to encounter ſuch an enemy. They cannot certainly pretend to offer Morality more pure than the Goſpel.

No; the impoſſibility of that enterprize is acknowledged; it is allowed, he who perfectly could follow the precepts of the Goſpel would be the moſt perfect of men. Wherefore, then, root out a Religion that preſcribes chaſtity and obedience to Magiſtrates and Laws, as indiſpenſible duties; that commands us to be good, patient, moderate, benevolent, indulgent, and equitable; that forbids hatred and vengeance, and directs us not only to pardon, but to render good for evil? Wherefore ſnatch from man a faith which might render him ſo heroically virtuous, or take from the wicked a ſacred curb? Why deprive Virtue of a rational motive, and the pleaſure of aſpiring to a reward worthy to excite it's fortitude; or raviſh from the wretched the moſt certain of all conſolations, and the only one which can give them ſtrength to ſupport perſecution, hatred, envy, the loſs of friends, phyſical evils, and exceſs of miſery?

Heaven be praiſed, replied Luzincourt, the motives Religious Detractors have to write thus are, now, no longer equivocal; they are tolerably well known.

The Viſcount roſe, and departed for Verſailles; and Luzincourt took leave of Madame de Valrive, who ſaid to him, ſoftly, This dreadful event has equally affected my heart and underſtanding, and reſtored me thoſe principles which dangerous converſations and writings had almoſt deſtroyed.

Luzincourt was too melancholy to return to Aurelia, and, therefore, went home, where he found a letter, which he opened, and ſaw a hand and ſignature wholly ſtrange to him: the letter contained what follows:

From the Chateau de ***, April 30, 17——

"I have not the happineſs to be known to "you, ſir, and yet am deeply in your debt; to "acquit myſelf as much as is in my power, I "will take the liberty to relate my ſtory in as "few words as poſſible.

"I was ten years old when my father died, "and was educated by a virtuous and well-in-"formed mother, between whom and a ſiſter "my affection was wholly divided; age and un-

" derſtanding did but increaſe ſenſations ſo na-
" tural to the heart.

" I obtained a commiſſion, and my mother and
" ſiſter continued to live in the Chateau where I
" was born. During ten years, I conſtantly
" continued to dedicate all the time I had to
" ſpare to their ſociety; my mother was happy,
" and I found in my ſiſter a moſt amiable friend.
" Could I enjoy greater felicity?——Alas! a
" ſenſeleſs pride, a peurile vanity, deſtroyed it all!

" My name is not illuſtrious, but my family is
" one of the moſt ancient in all Franche-Comté,
" and I highly valued this advantage. A weak-
" neſs like this is the more dangerous becauſe
" the conſequences are not viſible enough to make
" us wiſh to ſurmount it. I ſoon, however,
" found how fatal it might be to happineſs. I
" wiſhed to procure an honourable match for my
" ſiſter; ſhe refuſed her conſent, owned her heart
" was no longer free, and ſaid her mother au-
" thorized her inclinations. The choice ſhe
" had made added to the vexation her refuſal
" cauſed. She loved a man of merit, with a mo-
" derate fortune; but he was not a *gentleman*.

" I did every thing in my power to prevent the
" marriage, the idea of which my pride could
" not ſupport; but all my efforts were uſeleſs,
" and my ſiſter eſpouſed the man of her heart. I

" quitted the country, and, forgetting all I owed
" my mother, ſwore never to return; that I
" might never more ſee a ſiſter, who was become
" almoſt an object of hatred to me, and from
" whom my mother would not part.

" I came to Paris, and gave into every diſſipa-
" tion which could make me loſe the memory
" of an event which had cut me to the heart. I
" formed ſome agreeable connections, but they
" appeared cold when I recollected, in ſpite of
" myſelf, the pleaſing intimacy which nature
" and habit had formed, and the charms which
" I had taſted. Six years did I paſs in this ſitua-
" tion, diſcontented, unhappy, endeavouring to
" forget, and perſuading myſelf my mother
" ought to have ſacrificed the happineſs of my
" ſiſter, and conſequently her own, to my vanity.

" Having never had real friendſhip for any
" perſon, except my mother and my ſiſter, nor
" ever wiſhed to replace two ſuch dear friends,
" I concealed my cruel griefs in my boſom, and
" was deprived of the advice which friendſhip
" or reaſon might have offered. At laſt, how-
" ever, this ſalutary advice has been given me,
" and by you, ſir. When your work appeared,
" I was not at Paris; various occupations pre-
" vented me from reading it till the month of
" March laſt; it was then I began, for the firſt
" time,

"time, a book which produced ſo ſtrong and "ſingular an impreſſion on my mind, that it was "impoſſible for me to ſay whether the work "was well written, the plan good, or the ideas "new; I was not in a ſtate to judge, I could "only feel and ſhed tears; nor was it a book, "but a dear and tender friend who ſpoke, who "interrogated, who knew me better than I knew "myſelf; who, while he unveiled my foibles, "and made me bluſh for them, taught me how "to conquer and expiate them; mingled the "mildeſt conſolations with reproach, and diſco-"vered the true ſources of happineſs.

"Oh! Sir, you who have never written but "in behalf of Religion and Morality, accept the "ſweet reward of your worthy labours; learn "there was a heart led aſtray by hardened pride, "and that your writings, alone, have brought it "back to reaſon, nature, and virtue. Sitting "between my mother and my ſiſter, I wrote this "letter; you conducted me to my mother's "knees, where I received my pardon; you "placed my ſiſter's children in my arms; to you "I owe their innocent careſſes, the delicious "tears that I, and thoſe who love me, have ſhed, "and the inexpreſſible joys I feel.

"Union and Peace are re-eſtabliſhed in this "houſe; Content reigns here; and this is your "doing;

" doing; theſe are your benefits; this pure and
" ſublime fame muſt affect a heart like your's.
" Should Hatred or Calumny perſecute you,
" how eaſily may you brave their fury? Re-
" member the virtuous families that revere and
" bleſs you, and ſometimes read this letter.

" Le Comte de F***."

There is no deſcribing the effect this letter had on Luzincourt; grateful were the tears that bathed his cheeks. Oh! how honourable, cried he, is the occupation I have choſen, when it's duties are fulfilled! It can only be debaſed by vice.

Luzincourt was juſt. Who could deſpiſe Men of Letters, were they always guided by virtuous motives? They were the honour of the Age of Louis XIV. and they deſerved ſo to be; all the celebrated Authors of thoſe times reſpected religion; many conſecrated their talents to it's glory (*a*), and produced thoſe immortal works, which will ever endure, and which make us equally love virtue and their Authors.

Luzincourt, however, unable to ſupport his incertitude, concerning the real ſentiments of Aurelia, thought, at laſt, of declaring his own; really taking it for granted, that a woman, whom

(*a*) Paſcal, Boſſuet, Nicole, the two Arnaulds, Flechier, Bourdaloue, Maſſillon, &c.

he

he had loved for three years, had never diſcovered his ſecret.

Full of fears and uneaſineſs, he went to Aurelia, whom he found juſt returned from a public ſitting of the French Academy. She ſeemed greatly agitated. There is no bearing it, ſaid ſhe, to Luzincourt, all is loſt; neither juſtice, reaſon, nor gallantry remain.

Good God! Madam, what is the matter?

A great man has affirmed thoſe nations were women are beſt treated are always moſt civilized.

I flatter myſelf the great Man, who ſpoke ſo well, was a Frenchman.

By no means, he was an Engliſhman (*a*). We are not ſo civilly dealt with in France. You ſhall judge, when I have told you what I have juſt heard. A Philoſopher, deſirous of praiſing a Princeſs, who has been dead theſe fifty years, could not accompliſh his purpoſe but at the expence of all the Princeſſes, and all the women, who have ever exiſted, or do exiſt; and that in a ſingle phraſe.

He has been very laconic indeed.

You ſhall hear——*Though a woman and a Princeſs*, ſaid he, *ſhe loved learning.*

(*a*) Cook's Voyage to Otaheite.

The

The Orator ought to have been anſwered, that *though a Philoſopher*, and an Academician, he did not, on this occaſion, ſhew either much politeneſs or equity.

And the leſs, in that a great Princeſs honoured the Aſſembly by her preſence; by which ſhe proved that, though a *Woman, and a Princeſs*, ſhe loved learning.

And did the Public approve this ſpeech?

They groaned and hiſſed, that was all they did.

That was all they could do, I think.

What! Among ſo many Auditors, not one courageous Knight to anſwer for us, and defend us?

How could you wiſh any anſwer to be given to ſo fooliſh a thing? Had you been attacked with any appearance of reaſon, you would, no doubt, have found defenders. If, for example, the Philoſopher, inſtead of accuſing women of not loving the Belles Lettres, had accuſed them of the contrary, and endeavoured to turn their paſſion for Literature into ridicule, your Knights might then have been of ſervice.

Why, very true? for women never wrote or cultivated Literature ſo much as at preſent.—— What then could this *Philoſopher* be thinking of? ——He was abſent, no doubt; Mathematicians are

are ſubject to be ſo, and one might well adviſe them to calculate more, and write leſs. For my part, I own, I am paſſionately intereſted in the glory of my ſex.

The ſentiment is worthy of you——It is noble and natural.

It has been ſaid that the age of Louis XIV. which produced ſo many great men, was the age for great women alſo; I am afraid they cannot ſay as much of this.

I do not think that fear well founded. True it is I know no woman who has been appointed to an Embaſſy, nor the Siſter of a common Soldier who has married an Emperor (*a*); but, in other reſpects, I think, the balance is in favour of the women of the preſent age.

An Embaſſy! an Empreſs! I am ſorry to think that never can happen again.

Oh! that I had a throne to offer you!

Pſhaw! This is not the kind of gallantry I want: give me your proofs in favour of the women of this age.

And is not your ambition on that head ſatisfied, madam? We have Queens, who, on the Throne, afford the brighteſt examples of the mild and benevolent virtues which honour humanity, and

(*a*) Catherine, wife to the Czar, Peter the Great.

of

of thoſe ſhining qualities which conſtitute Heroes. Women, in this age, have written in every branch of Literature with the greateſt ſucceſs. The beſt modern Novels are the production of women; the Peruvian Letters, the Letters of my Lady Cateſby, &c. are ſurely equal to the Princeſs of Cleves and Zaide. (*a*). Women have not been leſs diſtinguiſhed in Poetry; many may be cited equal to Madame de Deſhoulieres, and ſome have even diſcovered abilities of a higher kind (*b*). They have written Cantatas, Poems (*c*), and Tra-

(*a*) Madame de Tencin and Mademoiſelle de Luſſan are likewiſe of this age.

(*b*) Thus, for example, there are no Cantatas, Rouſſeau's excepted, which I think are better than thoſe by Mademoiſelle de Louvencour; it was ſhe who wrote all the charming Cantatas ſet to muſic by Clerambout and Bourgeois: Ariadne, Cephalus, and Aurora, Zephirus and Flora, Pſyche, Love ſtung by a bee, Medea, Alpheus and Arethuſa, Leander and Hero, the Muſetta, Pigmalion, and Pyramus and Thiſbe, Mademoiſelle de Louvencour had many other accompliſhments. She was an excellent Muſician, and was, beſides, one of the handſomeſt and moſt virtuous women of her age. She died in 1712.

(*c*) Among others, two Poems in verſe, written by the ſame Lady, which gained prizes at the *Jeaux Floraux* (Sports of Flora,) the one Love and Fortune, the other on

Tragedies (*a*). The women of Louis XIV.'s time compoſed little except works of mere amuſement.

on the Building of Athens. An Ode on the Imagination, by this Lady, gained a prize alſo from this Academy.

(*a*) No women of the laſt century, Madame de Deſhoulieres excepted, wrote Tragedies. She has written two, *Genſeric* and *Antoine*, and died in 1694. Mademoiſelle Barbier, who died in 1745, wrote many Tragedies, which were in repute; and Madame de Gomez, who died in 1770, has written ſeveral that were played with great ſucceſs; particularly that entitled *Habis*, in which we find feeling and poetry. Mademoiſelle Bernard, who lived in this century, beſides various very pleaſing pieces in verſe, and ſome pretty Novels, wrote two Tragedies, *Brutus*, and *Laodamia*; the firſt, eſpecially, had great ſucceſs: from which M. de Voltaire has not diſdained to borrow a thought, which is always particularly applauded in his Tragedy of Brutus. In the Play by Mademoiſelle Bernard, Brutus, being alone with his ſon, ſays,

Forbear! Oh end not the horrid recital,
But ſuffer my confus'd ſoul to doubt
Whether I have or have not now a ſon.

TITUS.

No; thou haſt not.

In Voltaire's Tragedy, Brutus, alone with his ſon, ſays,

The Gods made me a Father to two ſons,
Whom I loved.——One is loſt—What do I ſay?
One!

ment (*a*). Whereas within theſe twenty years they have written a multitude of truly uſeful and moral works; and there are, at this moment, ſeveral women in France, who cultivate Letters, with reputation, in various branches of Literature. In England they have the ſame ſucceſs (*b*); and in Ruſſia, a woman directs the labours of a celebrated Academy, of which ſhe is perpetual Preſident; and, really, madam, if that will not ſatisfy you, you are very hard to pleaſe.

You forget the learned Ladies of the laſt century.

I ſee you envy Madame Dacier.

One! Speak wretched Titus——Have I a ſon?

TITUS.

No; thou has not.

(*a*) Except Madame la Marquiſe de Lambert, who, indeed, may be placed in this century, ſince ſhe died in 1728. It is true, ſhe was 86 years of age.

(*b*) Among others, the Author of Eveline and Cecilia; and likewiſe Miſs Hannah Moore, the Author of ſeveral well written moral works, and two Tragedies, played at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, and which continue to be played.

Madame de Genlis has not an extenſive knowledge of Engliſh Literature, otherwiſe ſhe would not certainly have omitted to mention Miſs Seward and Mrs. Cowley, perhaps ſeveral others. T.

You

You muſt own, Ladies, now, do not underſtand Greek.

And I muſt likewiſe own the men do not either. We learn the Greek alphabet, after which we read tranſlations, then we ſay we know Greek, and this is the whole myſtery. As to other languages, we meet with many Ladies who know Engliſh, Italian, Spaniſh, and even Latin.

Latin!

Yes; you yourſelf are acquainted with three.

What three women who underſtand Latin?

Yes, madam, who underſtand Latin; there are Madame N***, Mademoiſelle N***, her daughter, and Madame the Marchioneſs de L***, who all know it as perfectly as the moſt ſtudious men.

Know Latin! And I, who have been acquainted with them theſe three years, never to ſuſpect it! Women then may be modeſt as well as learned, and ſcholars without being Pedants; nay, without wiſhing to have their abilities known.——But let us continue the compariſon between the women of the laſt century and this. I do not remember any French woman of the age of Louis XIV. who underſtood Mathematics; and we have had Madame du Chatelet.——Do you know any Foreigners?——

England,

England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Italy, preſent a crowd of women eminent for their extent and depth of knowledge; a woman has even received, in this age, an honour, which inconteſtably proved, her talents were very ſuperior to thoſe of all the learned in her nation, then in exiſtence. A Pope, equally diſtinguiſhed for his underſtanding and information, Benedict. XIV. beſtowed on Maria Agnezi, a celebrated Mathematician, the place of Apoſtolical Profeſſor, in the Univerſity of Bologna, in 1558.

A woman Apoſtolical Profeſſor! Well, that really delights me. How great muſt be her merit to pretend to ſuch a place!

And does not Benedict XIV. who, to reward ſuperior merit, did a thing ſo uncommon, deſerve a word of praiſe from you?

O yes; *though a Man and a Pope*, he was ſuperior to vulgar prejudices againſt women.

Theſe prejudices will be forgotten when education is better underſtood, and when women will imagine themſelves capable of acquiring all the knowledge, and all the arts, as perfectly as the men.

We do not think this, and therefore we remain ignorant. All ſerious ſtudies ſeem ſuperior to our minds. So it ſeems you think exceſſive humility makes us frivolous.—— Well, I am glad you have

have found out that.——But I am uneaſy about another thing; no perſon can deny there have been women of genius; the famous Elizabeth, Queen of England, and other Heroines, are our proofs; yet, it is obſtinately maintained, there are certain works of imagination, which require a force and energy women have not. Thus, for example, it is affirmed, no woman can write an excellent Tragedy. The Tragedies of Mademoiſelle Barbier and Barnard, and of Madame de Gomez, were played with ſucceſs, at firſt, 'tis true; but they are not played at preſent.

Remember, Madame, ſince the Cleopatra of Jodelle (*a*), only five women have written Tragedies that have been played on the French Theatre; and, you muſt allow, it would have been miraculous, if, out of this ſmall number, one had been found equal to Racine. Theſe five Authors, far from having written contemptible works, were ſucceſsful; and what could, reaſonably, be hoped for more? Think, on the other hand, what an innumerable ſwarm of Tragic Writers have preceded, and come after, Corneille: how many have been condemned for one who was approved. How many have been forgotten, and how many ſhall be forgotten. I therefore do not

(*a*) The firſt French Tragedy.

ſee what foundation there is to aſſert that to write a Tragedy belongs only to men, and that women ought not to pretend to it: it is wrong to judge them till they have been oftener tried. It muſt be owned they have written good Poetry; that they have wit, underſtanding, dignity of mind, and feeling; and what more is required to write a good Tragedy? Often have they, even in this way, charmed the Public at much leſs expence (*a*).

You ſpeak of women in a very flattering manner; but do not you think they have, in general, treated us with great rigour, and that there never was a leſs gallant age than the preſent?

That is a ſign greatly in your favour, for it proves there is a real competition for ſuperiority between men and women. We are willing enough to praiſe you when you are only amiable; but if once you diſcover eminence in any one thing, we have a right to find fault, for we are the Maſters, and ſurely we muſt maintain ſubordination. For my part, when I think on the education of women, I cannot conceive how one can

(*a*) I might eaſily have proved, without all theſe reaſonings, a woman may poſſeſs this uncommon and ſublime Art, had I been permitted to add another name to thoſe already cited.

help

help admiring them. Let us ſuppoſe that Corneille and Racine had learnt nothing from infancy to youth, that is, till they were eighteen or twenty, but to dance and play on the harpſichord; and that afterwards they had heard ſpeak only of Balls, Feaſts, and Viſits. Behold them at that epocha, obliged to anſwer numberleſs meſſages every morning, and do nothing but write Billets, and read the *Journal de Paris*. Do you think they would then have written Cinna and Athalia?

You are in the right, and we have been refuſed the gifts of genius a little too inconſiderately.

The converſation of Aurelia and Luzincourt was interrupted by a Viſitor, and Luzincourt took leave without finding occaſion to ſpeak of his affection. He loved Aurelia, but dared not to tell her ſo. Certain of having obtained her friendſhip, he feared, if he declared his paſſion, he might loſe a thing to him ſo precious. Abſent from her he was all hope, and determined within himſelf to open his heart to her; preſent with her he loſt all his confidence, and durſt not ſpeak, unleſs on indifferent things.

At laſt he determined to write, began ten Letters, and ſatisfied with none, tore them all: remembering he was ſoon going to have a five act Comedy played at the French Theatre, he ſaid to himſelf, Should it be condemned, I muſt

give up the happineſs to which I aſpire; ſhould it be ſucceſsful, Aurelia, may, perhaps, be inclined to favour my paſſion. This idea determined him to be ſtill ſilent, although the effort was very painful.

While he was giving the finiſhing touches to his Comedy, Damoville, to keep awake the public attention, announced to the world, he had juſt finiſhed the laſt Canto of an Epic Poem; his friends very gravely aſſerted, it was a perfect work. Every body wiſhed to ſee this new *Chef-d'œuvre*, and *readings* again began. The Poetry was called ſublime, the characters delightful; the plan could not be judged of yet, for detached parts only had been heard; but it was univerſally allowed, the Poet had at leaſt as much genius as Virgil; and, ſo great was the fame of this work, the foreign Princes, with whom Damoville held correſpondences, teſtified a deſire to read it. Damoville accordingly ſent his Poem, and the moſt flattering Eulogiums, Penſions, and Portraits, were his rewards.

In this the moment of triumph and glory, Damoville was obliged, very unwillingly, to interrupt his readings. His ancient Protectreſs and intimate friend, Madame d'Herblay, died; his attachment to her was ſo well known that he could not diſpenſe with being moſt profoundly afflicted; accordingly he diſappeared, and ſhut himſelf

himſelf up for a fortnight, after which he again went into company.

He came one evening to Aurelia's, and found her alone with Luzincourt. Aurelia mentioned his abſence: I became a recluſe, replied Damoville, that I might think of nothing but *her*. I have written *her Eulogium*, will you hear it?

But how, with grief ſo violent, could you write?

I have had that fortitude, and, if you have a moment to ſpare, I flatter myſelf you will be intereſted by this ſhort diſcourſe; you will find it expreſſive of ſimplicity, and real grief; that is, you will perceive all I have felt.

Damoville fetched a deep ſigh, and, after a moment's ſilence, coolly unfolded his manuſcript, and with dry eyes and a firm tone of voice, read the funeral Eulogium of the intimate friend whom he had ſo recently loſt. This Eulogium was written with great care, art, and want of feeling; it was interſperſed with ſhort anecdotes, and happy ſayings and ſentiments, attributed to the defunct; the whole ſeaſoned with exclamations, and a ſcore of trivial and unintelligible maxims, on friendſhip and grief; a kind of Philoſophic and Metaphyſic Galamatias terminated this maſterpiece of ſentiment, which, as it was eaſy to ſee, was compoſed according to all the rules of Oratoric and Academic Art.

Really, ſaid Aurelia, I cannot conceive how it is poſſible to form a plan, write floridly, and compoſe a diſcourſe, in the firſt moments of deep affliction; I ſhould think one neither could labour nor meditate, and muſt own that grief, expreſſed with ſo much art and wit, does not ſeem to me very profound.

Art! I aſſure you there is no art here.

It is true, there is no great order in the ideas, nor connexion between the ſentences; but that is not the kind of negligence I wiſh: I do not know what is wanting, but I know I have not wept. This I muſt alledge to you, for ſurely it is not my fault: believe me, whoever is truly grieved, is incapable of writing a fine diſcourſe. I know that, at preſent, as ſoon as an Author ſees the perſon he loves the beſt in danger of death, he is leſs occupied by melancholy than by the care of preparing, at all events, an Eulogium worthy to eternize the memory of the beloved object; but this faſhion cannot laſt, for, while thoſe who follow it endeavour to perſuade us of their extreme ſenſibility, they prove the exact contrary: thus, for example, had I not known you did not love Madame d'Herblay, I ſhould have learnt it from your Eulogium.

How, that I did not love her?

You

You forget that you have told me ſo a hundred times; aſk Luzincourt; you have often ſpoken of her to us as an intriguing woman, every way contemptible; but ſhe was then alive and well, and her funeral Eulogium was not in queſtion.

I am not aſtoniſhed you have not wept; but this is an abuſe of confidence, on your part, that——

I again proteſt, if I had not known your ſecret, I ſhould not have wept.

I do not think ſo; I ſhall this evening ſup with twelve or fifteen people, to whom I will read my Eulogium, and am certain that every body will melt into tears.

Damoville was again deceived: he read his Eulogium to a large company, not one of whom wept. It is true, it was a thouſand times repeated, in his hearing, nothing could be more intereſting or affecting.

Luzincourt ſupped with Aurelia the ſame evening, and the converſation turned on a Man of Letters and an Academician, who was juſt dead. Every perſon who had any pretenſions to ſucceed him in the Academy was mentioned, and Damoville's name was at the head of the liſt; but Luzincourt heard, with ſurprize, the Viſcount de Valrive named among the reſt. Deſirous of know-

ing if he really intended to become a candidate, as ſoon as he ſaw him, he aſked. I pretend to ſuch a place! replied the Viſcount; what are my qualifications?

You have wit, knowledge, and a love of learning, which is all the Academy requires of a man of rank; and it does not often require even that.

If the Academicians, as they have before time done, ſhould chuſe a perſon named by themſelves, and their choice ſhould fall on me, I ſhould be exceedingly flattered, and think I might accept the honour, without making myſelf ridiculous; but were I, inſtead of that, to lay a claim to, and ſolicit it, while the Public are ignorant, not only if I have knowledge, but if I even am acquainted with the principles of my language, what could they think? No, this never ſhall be my conduct. It ſeems to me very evident, that any man, be him who he will, is the Author of a printed work, may, without much pride, become a candidate. It is well known, ſuperior talents are not abſolutely neceſſary to gain admittance; and an Author may ſay, I have written a book, read, and judge; but what plea has a man of condition, who never has ſhewn his abilities, except in converſation? Yet he muſt preſent himſelf, viſit all the Academicians, and formally ſolicit the vacant place.

place. To make a demand, a right muſt be eſtabliſhed; ſhould he then ſay, "Gentlemen, I pro-
"teſt I have as much underſtanding as is neceſſary
"to gain admittance among you; I have not yet
"written any book, but I will write charming
"ones. Here are three or four Men of Letters
"Candidates, as well as myſelf; but I aſſure you,
"they are not equal to me; and every one of my
"acquaintance tells me, you muſt, of courſe give
"me the preference." Such are the beſt and ſureſt reaſons he can give; whether he does give ſuch, or no, matters little: for his conduct, viſits, and ſolicitations, inconteſtibly ſay all I have repeated.

We find men of rank, Academicians of real merit, who yet have never written any books.

I confeſs it; but do you think they made all theſe reflections?

Luzincourt was obliged to own the Viſcount's reaſoning was juſt; and that, in effect, it was a diſcouraging and melancholy circumſtance, for a Man of Literature to find himſelf oppoſed by a Man of Faſhion, who has no other titles to produce than the good opinion he has of himſelf, and the Eulogiums of his friends.

Autumn advanced; Luzincourt's Comedy was received, and put in rehearſal. During this time, Damoville printed his Epic Poem. The Public impatiently waited for the appearance of this

vaunted work, and not one perſon was heard to mention the Comedy of Luzincourt. At laſt, in the month of January, the Poem was announced, in the Journals: the very ſame day the Bookſeller's ſhop was crowded, and two hundred copies were bought in the ſpace of twelve hours; but the Bookſeller himſelf preſerved entire the reſt of the edition, during his life; and, before the end of the week, the immortal work was conſigned to oblivion.

Luzincourt's Comedy had the moſt complete and brilliant ſucceſs, for it preſented a picture of manners as real as it was witty. It was impoſſible to ſay the Author did not know the world, or that his characters wanted reality; Envy had but one reſource, which ſhe always employs to advantage on like occaſions; that is, to make applications, and give real names to imaginary Beings. The Author's ſtrokes had been general, but particular views were attributed to them; incapable of affirming he was not a faithful Painter, the only reſource was to make him an odious one.

By ſuch accuſations a clamour was actually excited againſt him in one part of Society; ſome were told, You are the perſon he meant. His accuſers affirmed he had not ſpared his friends. Do you not ſee, ſaid one, how much ſuch a Character reſembles the Viſcount de Valrive; the ſame turn of

of expreſſion, the ſame manners. True it is, he has given this Character ridiculous foibles, which the Viſcount has not; but in that lies the infamy of the act, which is monſtrous! atrocious!——

And who is that contemptible Coquette, who plays ſo important a part in his Comedy?

That is Madam de Champroſe. Who can miſtake her manners, and the turn of expreſſion ſo peculiar to her? The likeneſs is ſtriking, but, at the ſame time, diſhonourable; ſhe never before was thought a miſchievous intriguer; and ſuch are the frightful features he has given her. This is dreadful.

Thus was poor Luzincourt treated, only becauſe he had given a true picture of Life, of which other Authors had no idea. One of his Characters had the charms of the Viſcount de Valrive in converſation; another had expreſſions like thoſe of Madame de Champroſe. Such were what they called ſtriking Portraits.

Aurelia informed Luzincourt of what the world ſaid. She ſent for him one evening, and told him, I have juſt ſeen a lady who is outrageous againſt you: Madame de Sezac.

For what cauſe?

She recollects herſelf in your Portrait of the Coquette; ſays you uſed to viſit her formerly, and is convinced you meant to draw her Character.

Then at preſent it no longer belongs to Madame de Champroſe.

No; for Madame de Sezac has tricked her out of it; ſhe maintains it cannot be diſputed, as ſhe will prove.

Juſt as Aurelia ſaid this, Damoville entered, and, addreſſing himſelf to Luzincourt, You have brought a fine affair upon your hands, ſaid he; I have juſt left a lady, who never, as long as ſhe lives, will pardon your Coquette.

I have juſt heard, replied Luzincourt, of this new artifice; but I aſſure you, I thought no more of Madame de Sezac, than of Madam de Champroſe.

I am not ſpeaking of Madame de Sezac.

No! of whom then?

Of Madame de Blagny.

Madame de Blagny! I do not know her; I never ſaw her.

No matter for that; ſhe is certain you meant her, and all the company at her houſe is of her opinion.

Luzincourt ſighed. Conſole yourſelf, ſaid Aurelia; the purity of your intentions ſhould make you deſpiſe ſuch vain clamour and ridiculous injuſtice. Let them compare your Picture of Life with thoſe which moſt other Authors draw, and your Comedy will be found leſs vicious, your Characters

racters much leſs revolting; it will be ſeen, whether the world be as contemptible and perverſe as certain writers pretend. Yet your work excites univerſal anger, and why? Becauſe, with a deep knowledge of the human heart and manners, the Author wanders not from nature; he preſents not only poſſible things, but real; paints no chimerical Beings; produces no Monſters; all is true, natural and ſtriking; and, among ſuch Portraits, each Perſon might eaſily find his own.

Theſe reflections could not totally diſſipate Luzincourt's dejection; Hatred wanted power to intimidate, but not to afflict him; and his enemies were more numerous, becauſe no Author had ever ſhewn a more perfect or uniform impartiality; never did Envy or Reſentment dictate his Criticiſms, and never did Policy, or the trifling intereſt of the moment, prevent him from boldly condemning what he thought condemnable, under ſuch reſtrictions as reaſon and juſtice preſcribe.

Such equitable and moderate conduct will never gain Partizans; it may obtain univerſal eſteem, and may give to a work of mediocrity, in other reſpects, an attraction which ſhall cauſe it to be read, a merit the more to be deſired for being uncommon; but this will gain no puffers, but a

multitude of enemies. Thus, for example, Luzincourt was no blind admirer of Jean Jaques Rouſſeau; he condemned his errors, his inconſiſtencies; reproached his want of principle, and often of taſte; but he admired in his ſoul the genius and ſuperior talents of that extraordinary man; and eſpecially, his noble independence and ſincere contempt for intrigue.

In ſpeaking thus, Luzincourt offended the enthuſiaſtic Partizans of Rouſſeau, and at the ſame time incurred the hatred of his enemies. A ſimilar misfortune attended him, when he ſpoke of the Philoſopher of Ferney. Voltaire's enemies reproached Luzincourt for having praiſed his benevolence, and the noble uſe he made of his fortune. Gentlemen, replied Luzincourt, I have been at Ferney, where I found neither a Philoſopher, nor a happy Sage; but I found a man who was beloved by his vaſſals, becauſe he was good to them. This I have ſeen, and this I ought to ſay.

The ſame party was ſtill more angry with Luzincourt, not only becauſe he had not equalled Crebillon to Voltaire, but becauſe he had not maintained Crebillon had more genius and originality. Gentlemen, replied Luzincourt, I may be deceived, and particularly on this point; but ſuch

is

is my opinion; this I have thought; this I ought to ſay; this I have ſaid.

Such anſwers, far from being ſatisfactory, irritated more; but *friends* laid yet another train. What Arrogance! cried they; what Pretenſion! what Pride! A ſimple Moraliſt; who is neither Philoſopher, Encyclopediſt, Gluckiſt, nor Picciniſt; who, in fact, is nothing; ſhall he preſume to ſpeak on Literature; to decide, judge, and criticiſe Voltaire!

Alas! Gentlemen, replied the modeſt Luzincourt, I know very well, it appertains to you, only, to *decide* and *judge*; and I proteſt it is not my intention to either *judge* and *decide*, as you underſtand thoſe words; I neither ſet myſelf up for a Reformer, nor declare War againſt whoever does not think like me. I do not even pretend my opinions are new; I have given them without arrogance, becauſe they will one day be adopted, I aſſure you, by a great number of very ſenſible people; and permit me, Gentlemen, to add, neither Genius nor a great deal of Wit are neceſſary to form a judicious Criticiſm: Good Senſe and Equity are the main requiſites.

Luzincourt replied in vain; they heard him not, but continued to affirm he was equally proud and malignant.

But ſuch injuſtice did not prevent the Public from admiring and eſteeming his works; they were unmercifully abuſed, by a certain claſs of people, but they were read, applauded, and tranſlated.

Luzincourt, at laſt, determined to declare his ſentiments to Aurelia; he wrote, ſent his letter, and waited at home for an anſwer, on which the happineſs of his life depended. Agitated by a thouſand different fears, he ſtrided backward and forward in his chamber. He had been more than an hour in that ſtate, when Damoville entered: the viſit ſurpriſed him, for all connections between them had long been almoſt entirely broken off; but vanity and malignity brought back Damoville, of which Luzincourt had ſoon a cruel proof.

I come, my dear Luzincourt, ſaid Damoville, to inform you of a happineſs to which I hardly durſt pretend, or, at leaſt, of which I feebly flattered myſelf.

What is it?

Firſt, there is a vacancy in the Academy; Dorſenne died laſt night.

I have no doubt you will be the ſucceſsful Candidate.

I have, indeed, ſome right to hope ſo.

This, without compliment, may be predicted.

But

But that is not what juſt now touches me neareſt; I love Aurelia; of which you cannot be ignorant, for I have obſerved your penetration.

Well, ſaid Luzincourt, with inexpreſſible perplexity;

Well—She has long known my ſentiments.

Known them long!

This morning, however, I have written, and preſſed her to inform me of my fate. Here is her anſwer.

So ſaying, Damoville took Aurelia's letter from his pocket, and read thus aloud:

"You have a rival, who is a Man of Letters. "I eſteem you both, but I love fame only. There "is a vacancy in the Academy; he alone whoſe "merits may entitle him to this place, I ſhall "think worthy of me; therefore can give no "farther anſwer till this is decided."

Luzincourt, after having read this billet, felt an emotion of anger and indignation, which it was impoſſible to conceal——Such are women, cried he; it is not Fame they love; they know it not; Vanity, puerile and contemptible Vanity, ſeduces and guides them.

Your anger ſurprizes me, replied Damoville, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile: What! are you, Luzincourt, the redoubted Rival with whom I am threatened?

Luzincourt,

Luzincourt, driven by this ſpeech to madneſs, ſaid every thing extravagant, which Rage, Love, and Deſpair could ſuggeſt. Damoville triumphed, and contained himſelf, without difficulty, within the bounds of moderation, which it is very eaſy for the ſucceſsful to do; and ſoon left the unfortunate Luzincourt overwhelmed with grief, which every new thought ſerved but to aggravate.

I cannot doubt, ſaid Luzincourt, of Aurelia's preference for Damoville; her Billet clearly expreſſes, that the Academy's choice ſhall be her's. She is certain they will chuſe Damoville. I well know ſhe is unacquainted with the whole of his character; I, alas! have had the generoſity never to ſay a word, whence ſhe might ſuſpect how contemptible I think him; yet ſhe does not think well of his works, and ſhe eſteems mine, I am ſure ſhe does; ſhe has given me proofs of confidence, of friendſhip.—I have only been able to obtain a cold eſteem, while my Rival has won her heart.—He has found the means to pleaſe her, that is evident.—She is blind, and wiſhes to continue ſo.—With ſo much wit, penetration ſo natural, and ſo quick, how was it poſſible ſhe ſhould be ſeduced by a man ſo unworthy of her? She condemns herſelf, no doubt, but inclination triumphs over reaſon.

Such

Such were the mournful reflections that rent the heart of Luzincourt. One moment he promiſed himſelf never to ſee the ungrateful Aurelia more, the next would reſolve to go and vent every reproach he thought ſhe deſerved. At laſt, an unexpected Meſſenger came and brought him to a determination.

Aurelia ſent him a note, in which ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him immediately. He ran, he flew, he was inſtantly with her; he found her alone, and was aſtoniſhed he could not obſerve the leaſt alteration of countenance. As he ran, he had compoſed a moſt affecting generous diſcourſe, by which he propoſed to diſſipate the extreme anxiety which he imagined Aurelia muſt feel; but when he ſaw her ſo calm, ſo ſerene, he felt the inutility of his diſcourſe, and found it was he who ſtood in need of ſuch aſſiſtance.

He had not the power to ſpeak a word; and Aurelia aſked him, with a mild air, if he had not ſeen Damoville? Luzincourt, confounded by ſuch a queſtion, made no reply. His proceeding, I find, has been very noble, continued Aurelia, negligently; he has ſhewn you my note, though he ſuſpects you are his Rival: there is ſomething frank and great in ſuch a conduct.

Aurelia ſtopt, as if ſhe expected an anſwer, but ſhe did not obtain one. Luzincourt was ready to break

break out, but he contained himſelf: and this firſt emotion over, determined to diſſemble his anger and vexation. He could not permit himſelf to tell her what were his real ſentiments of Damoville, for he imagined, ſhould he have the weakneſs to betray his former generoſity in that reſpect, Aurelia would attribute all he could ſay to jealouſy; he was firmly reſolved therefore to be ſilent.

Aurelia, after waiting a moment, ſaid to him, Well, when will you begin your Canvas?

What Canvas, madam?

Your ſolicitations to the Academicians.

This is too much, madam, replied Luzincourt, driven beyond himſelf. Can you add raillery to cruelty?

Hear me, Luzincourt, replied Aurelia, mildly, hear me, and be calm. Think on my ſituation; I will deſcribe it. I love Literature, and have a ſtrong paſſion for Fame: two things I have determined to do; firſt to marry again, and next to marry a Man of Letters; but I wiſh him to be the man of moſt merit. Among the Men of Letters with whom I am acquainted, there are only you and Damoville whoſe reputation can ſatisfy my vanity. You both make love to me, and I am left to chuſe. I am not blinded by paſſion, I have the free uſe of my reaſon; though I will confeſs frankly, I feel in my heart ſome emotions

tions of preference, which, were I to yield to them, would decide for you.

What do I hear! cried Luzincourt; can it be?

It certainly is ſo, replied Aurelia; but, added ſhe, ſmiling, you are little benefited thereby; on the contrary, I ſuſpect my heart, I fear to be prejudiced, and ſhrink from ſuch a deciſion. I will not judge you, but will leave it to forty Elders of the nation, a Council of Sages, who will aſſemble and deliberate purpoſely to put me out of pain, and to fix my opinion and irreſolution. Once more I repeat to you, I am irrevocably bent on giving my hand to him, whoſe merit ſhall entitle him to a place in the Academy.

Is it poſſible you can ſpeak ſeriouſly?

I proteſt I do.

What! You love me, and you refuſe to liſten to that love which pleads for me!——O! Do not deceive me; do not play upon my credulity!

Speak no more of my affection; wait till the Academy has pronounced; obſerve, poſitively, I require you ſhould become a Candidate?

But are you ſerious? What is your deſign?

My deſign? Why do you aſk?—I have ſaid I love you; if you think me capable of deceit, you do not eſteem me; and in that caſe you need

not

not be condemned by the Academy to be forgotten.—

You make me ſhudder, replied Luzincourt, falling on his knees. Pardon the perplexity and aſtoniſhment which your unaccountable diſcourſe and ſentiments occaſion.—No, I doubt not your ſincerity; but this rapturous confeſſion is at once my felicity and torment; you love me, I ought to be, and I am, happy; but you rob me of hope: you promiſe your hand to my Rival, for he will be choſen, every body expects and knows he will, and ſo do you.

No, replied Aurelia, I do not think it; if you ſolicit, you will obtain the place.

Remember, madam, I have not one friend among the Academicians; on the contrary—

You always ſpoke with reſpect of the Academy in your works, as I remember.

Certainly; and ſo I always ſhall: but a few Epigrams on a body of men are not much felt. Such levities are eaſily pardoned; whereas there is a more ſerious wrong, of which I have, perhaps, been guilty: it is very poſſible that there are principles and opinions in my works, which the Chiefs of the Academy do not approve.

You perplex yourſelf in vain! if your morals are pure, and your principles not dangerous, they cannot be diſapproved by the Academy. I know

know Damoville is more beloved than you are; but that is of no importance, affection and friendſhip are out of the queſtion; juſtice is the thing required.

Yes; but obſerve, madam, this is the only tribunal where friends and enemies may openly appear; think of its former deciſions.

Yet, it has given proofs of great impartiality; it was ridiculed, by M. de Monteſquieu, in his Perſian Letters moſt openly; nay, more, he ſatirized Men of Letters, without exception; yet this was the work which gained him a ſeat in the French Academy (*a.*) This impartiality was the more remarkable, for that the Academy had an excellent pretext to reject the Author of the Perſian Letters, notwithſtanding the ſuperiority of his abilities, the work being full of dangerous principles and traits againſt Religion. Be that as it will, I am deſirous you ſhould begin your Canvas this very day.

I obey, but do not comprehend you, madam.

I believe you, replied Aurelia, ſmiling; and your obedience will have the greater value. It grows late; go, begin your viſits, and return here to ſupper.

(*a.*) It was his firſt work.

Luzin-

Luzincourt wiſhed ſtill to remonſtrate, but Aurelia would not liſten; and he left her, unable to divine her motives, or doubt her ſincerity.

Luzincourt returned in the evening more dejected than ever. The reception he had met with in his viſits had not left him the leaſt ray of hope; he complained to Aurelia, who ſtill held the ſame language. He knew not what to think, but his agitation was extreme. Whatever caprice might occaſion this conduct in Aurelia, he could not renounce all hope, being certain of a ſecret preference.

The day of deciſion at length arrived, and Aurelia would have her two lovers dine at her houſe, that they might learn, in her preſence, on whom the Academy had conferred their votes.

After dinner, Aurelia made them both promiſe to ſubmit, without murmuring, to their fate. Damoville, certain of his ground, made a pompous diſplay of fine ſentiments. Luzincourt could neither ſpeak nor think. The moment of deſtiny drew near, and fear and apprehenſion ſucceeded to the various ſenſations, with which he had till then flattered his heart; it ſeemed at this moment clear to him, that Aurelia and his Rival underſtood each other; and that her purpoſe was only to add to the glory of Damoville, by giving him an opponent, who might render his triumph more

more complete in the eyes of the Public. The miſerable Luzincourt ſaw himſelf baſely deceived, played upon, betrayed, and kept a mournful ſilence. Aurelia ſeemed maliciouſly to behold and enjoy that dreadful perplexity which he could not diſſemble.

At five o'clock Aurelia received a letter, and went into an inner room, whither ſhe ſoon ſent for Damoville and Luzincourt to come. As ſoon as they appeared, ſhe advanced towards them, and ſaid, I was deſirous of announcing to you myſelf the deciſion of the Academy.

Luzincourt's colour went and came. Damoville knew too well what that deciſion was to ſuffer the leaſt inquietude; he preſſed Aurelia, however, to pronounce his fate.

That I ſhall do, ſaid ſhe, yet do not think I ſhall aſtoniſh either of you, by telling you, that you, Damoville, had *all the Votes*—But is is now time to fulfil an engagement dear to my heart.—I promiſed my hand to him, whoſe *merits might entitle him to the place you have obtained*, and this is the man.

How! interrupted Damoville. What is it you mean to ſay?

That the Academy has choſen you, but that I chuſe Luzincourt.

Luzin-

Luzincourt, quite beſide himſelf, fell at Aurelia's feet.—And do you think, exclaimed Damoville, in a tone of rage, do you think, madam, you have nothing to fear from the reſentment of a man whom you have ſo perfidiouſly deceived.

I have not deceived you, replied Aurelia, coldly; pleaſe to recollect, Sir, the words of my Billet; they are theſe; *There is a vacancy in the Academy; he, alone, whoſe merits may entitle him to this place, I ſhall think worthy of me.*—Luzincourt's modeſty and your vanity, only could produce your mutual error: had you done yourſelves juſtice, this Billet would have deceived neither of you.

As to any thing farther, continued Aurelia, I ſhall ſoon calm your exceſſive choler. I have long known you, Damoville. Men of Art, like you, are no ſo difficult to be underſtood as you imagine; and beſides, here are Letters, which put your character out of doubt.

So ſaying, ſhe took out a pocket book, opened it, and ſhewing Damoville the papers it contained, aſked him if he did not know the handwriting.

Heavens! cried Damoville, by what treachery came thoſe Letters into your hands?

You

You talked juſt now of reſentment, ſaid Aurelia; judge if a woman is not to be feared.—I am defamed in theſe Letters addreſſed to Madame d'Herblay, and many other people are treated in them with the like freedom. Madame d'Herblay, your confidant at that time, found reaſon to complain of you in the end: ſhe did not think proper to quarrel, but took care to be revenged. Imagining I intended to marry you, ſhe ſent me theſe a fortnight before her death. You now perceive, you knew not all the reaſons I had not to weep at your *Eulogium* on her; and, I flatter myſelf, my inſenſibility will at preſent appear leſs wonderful.

Aurelia then ſat down, and was ſilent. Damoville, confounded, annihilated, ſtood motionleſs.——After a moment's pauſe, Damoville addreſſing Aurelia, ſaid—Conclude, madam, and convince me how fatal the reſentment and hatred of a woman may be; ſhew my Enemies theſe Letters, publiſh them, and ſink me for ever. I am at your mercy!

I dare aſſure you, ſaid Luzincourt, Aurelia is incapable of ſo doing.

Be calm, Damoville, anſwered Aurelia, you are ſafe. Madame d'Herblay was then neceſſary to you; ſhe hated without knowing me, and to pleaſe her you have not heſitated to ſpeak ill of

me; you have ſatirized and blackened me, but I have neither hatred nor reſentment. You want principles; you think that ſtraight-forward Virtue is prejudicial to Fortune, and are malicious and intriguing from calculation. I wiſhed not revenge, but to give you a uſeful leſſon, which may be at all times beneficial: I wiſhed to demonſtrate to you the abſurdity of the cowardly and timid ſyſtem you have followed. What are the fruits of all your artifices? Do you now think that, by intrigue and cabal, you may at once engage the Public to read your Works, determine Foreigners to tranſlate them, and vanquiſh a Rival, who owes his reputation only to his abilities? Adieu; here are your Letters; take them: I kept them only to return them.

Damoville inſtantly ſeized the pocket book which Aurelia preſented, and haſtily diſappeared.

Luzincourt now gave way to all the tranſports which love, gratitude, and exceſſive joy might inſpire. I deceived you, ſaid Aurelia, to prove you, for I was highly intereſted to know you; I have long ſtudied your character, and am at laſt certain that, in making you happy, I ſhall make myſelf ſo.

In the evening Luzincourt tore himſelf from Aurelia's preſence to find the Viſcount, with whom he paſſed a great part of the night, converſing

verſing on his happineſs. He had immediately written to his father, who truly rejoiced; and came to Paris, that he might attend ſo dear and worthy a ſon to the Altar, where Luzincourt received the hand of Aurelia.

As they left the Church, his father took him in his arms, preſſed him to his boſom, and exclaimed, Oh, my ſon! I foretold thee that an upright conduct, a contempt of intrigue, and a reſpect for Religion and Morality, diſtinguiſh eſtimable Authors, and bequeath permanent reputation; that the love of true glory could alone give deſirable ſucceſs, and that, ſoon or late, happineſs muſt be the conſequence of Virtue and Genius.

DAPHNIS AND PANROSE;

OR, THE

MOUNTAIN NYMPHS.

A MORAL TALE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I WISHED to prove Love was but an Illuſion, that promiſed happineſs, which it could only trouble or deſtroy. The Allegories of Mythology I thought might render theſe moral truths more ſtriking, wherefore I ſought for a ſubject in fabulous ſtory, and I found one which perfectly agreed with my plan. It is the following:

" Daphnis, a young Sicilian Shepherd,
" and Son of Mercury, loved a Nymph,
" with whom he obtained from heaven a
" decree, that whoever ſhould firſt violate
" the conjugal vow ſhould be ſtruck blind.
" Daphnis forgot his oath, attached him-
" ſelf to another Nymph, and was imme-
" diately deprived of ſight."

Dictionnaire de la Fable, par Chomprè.

As I have long known fabulous hiſtory contained a multitude of incidents not common, and many intereſting Perſons, Heroines, Nymphs, and even Divinities in the ſame predicament, I was certain of at

leaſt preſenting a new picture, which in this kind of writing is a merit ſeldom enough ſeen. I do not pretend, however, to have made any very deep reſearches for this little Tale. A volume in twelves ſatisfied me, which was the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, a book that is in the hands of moſt young people; and is eſteemed, with reaſon, by every body, for the prodigious quantity of facts it contains, and becauſe that it alone may afford a ſufficient knowledge of Mythology, to thoſe who take the pains to read it. But theſe are ſo few that I have thought it neceſſary to place here the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, as at the head of a Comedy, for the better underſtanding of the Tale, which is often done by various Engliſh Authors. Richardſon, at the beginning of his Clariſſa, gives a liſt of his Characters; and I do not ſee why we ſhould not adopt a cuſtom which increaſes perſpicuity; like as we have borrowed, from theſe ſame Novels, the mode of retrenching *our, ſaid he, anſwered he, and replied ſhe.*

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VENUS.

CUPID.

MERCURY. The Son of Jupiter and Maia.

DRYAS. The Daughter of Faunus (*a*), and Goddeſs of Shame and Modeſty. Men were not permitted to attend her Sacrifices. She was in the rank of rural Dieties, was honoured in Cities, but inhabited only Meadows, Woods, and Mountains.

DAPHNIS. A Sicilian Shepherd, the Son of Mercury, and Lover of Panroſe.

PANROSE. One of the Oreades, that is to ſay, Nymphs of the Mountains.

CYNISCA. The Daughter of Archidamas. She obtained the firſt Prize from the Charioteers in the Olympic Games, on which ſhe was decreed great Honours (*b*).

The SCENE lies, for the moſt part, in Sicily, and I have choſen to place it on Mount Ætna, of which I ſuppoſe Panroſe was one of the Oreades.

(*a*) Faunus, the Son of Picus, eſtabliſhed Public Worſhip to Saturn, his Grandfather, and placed his Father Picus, and his Wife and Siſter, Fauna, in the number of the Gods. He was, himſelf, honoured as a God; his Wife was held the firſt Goddeſs of the Fauns, a ſpecies of Divinities, particularly conſulted on future events. Fairies have replaced the Fauns. *Dict. de la Fable.*

(*b*) This Cyniſca was the Daughter of Archidamas, King of Sparta. The Dictionnaire de la Fable does not mention this circumſtance, but all the ancient Authors, who ſpeak of Cyniſca, do.

A Deſcriptio n of MOUNT ÆTNA.

IT was from Mount Ætna that Pluto carried off Proſerpine, who was gathering flowers, and forming them into garlands. Cyane, who endeavoured to oppoſe him, was changed into a fountain. From Ætna may be diſcovered the river Acis, which bears the ſame name to this very day. The Gulfs of Scylla and Charybdis are alſo in Sicily, as is the Fountain Arethuſa. The Lake of the Palicii is found on Ætna, the origin of which was as follows: The Muſe Thalia, beloved of Jupiter, and dreading the wrath of Juno, prayed the Earth might ſwallow her up, and her prayer was heard. In this ſituation ſhe became the mother of twins, who were called Palicii, becauſe they were born twice; the firſt time from their mother's womb, and the ſecond from the womb of the earth; two Lakes aroſe, formidable to the perjured and the guilty, in the ſpot where they were born, on the ſummit of Ætna; the

the Sicilians ſacrificed to the Palicii as Deities. Poets have feigned that the forges of Vulcan were in the bowels of Ætna, and that the Cyclops laboured there continually, to make thunder bolts for Jupiter—*Dict. de la Fable.*

I have only here given ſuch explanations as were neceſſary to underſtand the Tale; a few others I have added, in Notes, at the end of the work; I have not uſed by far all the intereſting and little-known incidents I found in the Dictionnaire de la Fable, as any perſon may ſee, who will take the trouble to look under the article Lybas; whoſe hiſtory would have furniſhed me with an excellent Epiſode, had I wiſhed to lengthen this trifle, and which certainly would make a fine ſubject for an Opera. The articles Phyllis, Periſtera, Phaloë, &c. would have done the ſame. How many novelties might I then have preſented, had I, inſtead of ſcrupulouſly keeping myſelf to my little *Dictionnaire*, availed myſelf of thoſe ſeventeen or eighteen volumes which contain the ancient

Mythology (*a*); but were I either Painter or Poet I would again read, and attentively, that I might not be obliged to copy ſubjects which have become ſo common as to be known by every body.

(*a*) The Iliad, Odyſſey, Æneid with Notes.—— The Metamorphoſis of Ovid.——Herodotus, and the two firſt volumes of Diodorus of Sicily.——Mœurs des Grecs, by Ménard, &c.

DAPH-

DAPHNIS AND PANROSE;

OR, THE

MOUNTAIN NYMPHS.

A MORAL TALE.

Paſce l'Agna l'erbette, il Lupo l'Agne,
Ma il crudo Amor di lagrime ſi paſce
Ne' ſene moſtra mai ſatollo.

Aminta di Torquato Taſſo.

NIGHT, gloomy and tranquil, reigned over the univerſe; the God of Day, on the boſom of Thetis, forgot Olympus and mankind, and left his ſiſter to enlighten the world. The inſenſible Goddeſs lends her light with regret; ſhe deſpiſes and hates Love, whom yet her ſoft and tender rays favour. Already the unhappy Orion, victim of raſh paſſion, ſhines in the Heavens; he waits the moment when Diana, in her ſlow and meaſured courſe, ſhall make her approach. Already is ſeen the Nymph beloved of Jupiter, and her Son the youthful Arcas; the affectionate Andromeda is by her Lover's ſide; the bright Star of Venus appears;

appears; all announce Love; and the Heavens and the Earth retrace and paint his power.

The haughty Diana ſighs at the ſight; but caſting her eyes towards the delicious iſle of Paphos, ſhe there diſcovers a momentary conſolation, her enemy Love bathed in tears, on his mother's knee; the Bowers and Brooks echo back his ſobs and plaints; his anger is the anger of a capricious child; by ſeeking to appeaſe, he is made more impetuous and more obſtinate; Venus in vain careſſes and claſps him in her arms, he ſtruggles and rebels, his grief increaſes, and his vexation becomes wrath.

Venus, irritated in her turn, puts him from her, and reproaches him for his frowardneſs. Unconquerable and cruel boy, ſaid the Goddeſs, mildneſs, gentleneſs, and indulgence make thee only more intractable and fierce——But I gueſs too well the cauſe of this deep grief; thou, doubtleſs, canſt not commit, all the diſorder, canſt not ſcatter all the perplexity thou deſireſt.—— To divide Gods and Men are thy ſports and pleaſures; never do thy perfidious tears flow, but from the inhuman regret of being unable to do all the miſchief thou didſt meditate.

Love, thus reproached, became more calm, and with ſubmiſſive and affectionate looks, approached his mother, whoſe arms were already extended to

to receive him. The Goddeſs tenderly wiped away the tears of Love, with the veil which floated round her beauteous ſhoulder. Ungrateful boy, ſaid ſhe, I ought not to love thee; but who can retain anger, and behold the tears of Love? Thou complaineſt and weepeſt, and I forget my wrath: 'tis ſtrange, but true, the pleaſure of pardoning thee is a ſufficient recompence for all thy ingratitude. —— Speak, tell me thy ſorrows, my heart will participate them.

Well then, replied Love, liſten, mamma, to my ſorrowful recital. You know how much I have done for Daphnis, the beloved ſon of Mercury. What ſhepherd of Sicily may be compared to Daphnis? Apollo, himſelf, and the Muſes, ſcarce dare contend with him in ſong. The God of Eloquence beſtowed on him his own ſhining and ſublime talents; but Daphnis owes to me, alone, the happy gift to captivate. Alas! Uſeleſs is the gift. Daphnis, I own, ſees every ſhepherdeſs of Sicily diſpute with her companions the glory of pleaſing him, and a thouſand charming Nymphs claiming his heart. But wherefore? One only has been able to allure and fix his vows, and over her my arrows have no power.

Among the light Nymphs who inhabit the dread Mountain, where, day and night, are heard the thundering clamours of Vulcan's forges,

Panroſe,

Panroſe, the moſt beautiful of the Mountain Nymphs, and equal to the Goddeſſes, is beloved of Daphnis, and yet preſerves her freedom; in vain, for her, Daphnis languiſhes and conſumes; the haughty Nymph diſdains his homage, refuſes to liſten to his ſongs, flies Daphnis, and deſpiſes Love.

Oh! if Beauty ought to ſacrifice on my Altars; if by me ſhe reigns, and if her glory is my work, what have not I a right to expect from Panroſe? Yet, ungrateful as ſhe is, ſhe owns not my benefits, and braves my power. The lofty Diana and the ſtern Dryas are her Divinities; them ſhe prefers to me; the daughter of Faunus has vanquiſhed me; has found the art to attract and detain Panroſe in her rural Grotto; there ſhe is revered and conſulted; there ſhe liſtens with pleaſure to the gloomy leſſons of the ſevere Dryas, while her heart remains inſenſible to all the delights of Love.——Oh Venus! O my mother! Ought I to ſubmit to ſuch inſults, to ſuch exceſs of ſhame?

As he ended this bitter complaint, the God threw himſelf into the arms of Venus, and an inundation of tears overflowed his divine countenance, while his tender mother mingled her cryſtal drops with his.

So when the footſteps of Aurora are firſt lightly imprinted on the mountain-top, we behold the bright Queen of Flowers bathed in melliſluous dew, which, in liquid pearl, ſhe ſheds on the new-born buds beneath her feet. And thus did melting Venus ſhed her mild tears on the bewitching face of Love.

Be comforted, my ſon, ſaid ſhe, tenderly; fear nothing. What! Art thou not certain to ſeduce, if once thou canſt be heard? Thou who canſt take ſo many thouſand different forms. Why haſt thou offered thyſelf to the timid eyes of Panroſe under a ſhape ſhe fears? Thou art never ſo dangerous as when thou art diſguiſed. How often haſt thou thus deceived the Immortals? Nay, Jupiter himſelf? And ſhalt not thou find it much more eaſy to impoſe upon Dryas, and delude Panroſe? Hide thy murdering Arrows, thy Bow and Quiver, but more eſpecially hide thy wings!—And thy triumph is certain.

Love ſmiled, and joy brightened in his eyes; he kiſſed his mother, ſpurned the earth's boſom, and directed his rapid and audacious flight toward the fortunate brinks of the Fountain of Arethuſa.

Already had Aurora ſhed her vermillion dye over the golden horizon; Nature ſeemed animated and quickened by her mild rays; the Flowers opened their

their boſoms and perfumed the air; the fickle Lover of Flora agitated the foliage, and played among the ruſhes; the Sky-Lark roſe from his earthy bed to meet the Sun; Echo forgot her melancholy, and anſwered his ſhrill and enlivening accents; Langour fled, and all was life and ſenſibility.

Aloft as he wantoned in the air, Love caſt his eyes over Sicily, and ſaw the Oreades (*a*) diſperſed over the ſummits of Ætna; Panroſe was eaſily diſtinguiſhed, and Love, for a moment, ſtopt his flight to contemplate the Nymph. Thus does the terrible Eagle, hovering above the clouds, caſt an eye of avidity on the innocent Lamb ready to become his prey! And thus did the God of Paphos triumph, while he admired the open, ingenuous air, the grace and celeſtial beauty of Panroſe!

The Nymph called her companions, who all aſſembled at the ſound of her voice; and the bright and agile Troop deſcended the mountain, turning their bounding footſteps towards the Grotto of Dryas.

Love, following then the advice of Venus, changed his form, took the ſhape, the features, and the ſimplicity of the youthful Coronis, the cheriſhed companion of Panroſe; and, thus

(*a*) Mountain Nymphs.

diſguiſed,

diſguiſed, the audacious God penetrated the ſacred Grotto, the entrance to which had been to him, till that day, interdicted.

Here, in this peaceable place, this revered aſylum of innocence and happineſs, every thing offended the eyes of Love; the Grotto, the work of a Goddeſs, wore the aſpect of an auguſt Temple; magnificent, yet rural. Columns of Alabaſter, adorned with Garlands of Laurel and Elichryſum, ſuſtained the edifice; the walls were of Parian Marble, dazzling bright, on which a divine hand had traced in Bas-relief the ſtories of virtuous women, who had been an ornament to their ſex, and honour to their country.

In one part were repreſented the generous Heroines, who had devoted themſelves to their country's good: the Daughters of Antipœnus preſenting themſelves as ſacrifices for the proſperity of Thebes; and the courageous Hyacinthides offering the ſame example. From the fatal Pile, that had conſumed the Daughters of Echion, were ſeen two Youths, with crowns on their heads, riſing from their aſhes: a famous and glorious miracle wrought in honour of ſublime virtue, and to conſole an unfortunate father (1).

Beſide theſe Heroines were placed all the intereſting Victims of Filial Love: the ſeven Daughters of Alcyon, unable to ſurvive their Father,

Father, preparing to bury themſelves beneath the waves; the charming Erigone immolating herſelf at the Tomb of Icarus; the beauteous Hypſipyle expoſing herſelf to loſs of life and throne, to preſerve Thoas from the fury of the Lemnian Women.

Here is beheld the valiant Harpalyce, like Pallas in the midſts of Combats, braving every danger Death can preſent, who is ſeen under a thouſand different forms: but ſhe beholds her father only, guards him, places her fair body before him, eager to receive the blows deſtined for his deſtruction, and at laſt bears him from his enemies victorious into Thrace. Among this heroic troop are alſo ſeen the tender ſiſters of the young Hyas, of the imprudent Phaeton, and the Meleagrides (2).

The amiable Goddeſs of Modeſty delighted, particularly, to trace forms of thoſe victorious Nymphs who had reſiſted and eſcaped the ſnares of Love; Panrope, Arethuſa, Syrinx, and the beauteous Daphne; Tucia and Claudia, dear to Veſta; Anaxabia, protected by Diana; Bolina, inſenſible to the love of the moſt charming of all the Gods; ſhe is pictured in the moment when, to avoid the purſuits of Apollo, ſhe caſts herſelf into the ſea; here ſhe thinks to find certain death; but her Lover himſelf is obliged, while he bewails,

to

to admire her virtue; he implores Jupiter; the Nymph is reſtored to life, and, worthy of Olympus, is received to immortality (3).

Dryas forgot not to give tender mothers and faithful wives a place in her Temple. Here where repreſented, at the moſt intereſting moments of their lives, Penelope, Artemiſia, Andromache, Alcyone, and the generous Alceſtes; the unhappy Argia, performing the laſt duties to her huſband; Laodamia expiring at the ſight of the Ghoſt of Proteſilaus, and following the adored Shade to the Manſions of Death. Farther on are ſeen Arganthone and Canens conſumed by grief; the unfortunate Clytia renouncing day, which ſhe deteſts; and the courageous and faithful Evadne caſting herſelf into the flames that conſumed her huſband (4).

Among the multitude of women, whom maternal tenderneſs had made illuſtrious, were the affectionate Pyrenne, and the Nymph who gave birth to Cyenus——Fatal Argonauts! Your voyage robbed the tendereſt of mothers of life! Amphinome could not ſupport the abſence of Jaſon, and plunged a dagger in her boſom. Callipatria, as affectionate, but a more happy mother, dared to brave every danger, to follow her ſon to the Olympic Games, and enjoyed the pleaſure of beholding him crowned (5).

At

At the farther part of the Temple, Dryas has erected Statues to the Deities deareſt to her heart. Friendſhip, the auguſt Veſta, and the two immortal Siſters, who preſide over purity of Manners (*a*). Love ſighs, and chafes to think he is not preferred to theſe peaceable Divinities. He is more angry ſtill, to ſee Dryas ſurrounded by all the Nymphs of the Waters, the Woods, the Meadows, and the Mountains (6).

The Goddeſs is ſeated on a verdant and flowery Throne; the majeſtic Lily and the humble Violet, ſpring and grow around her and beneath; a ſnow-white Veil hides part of her face, and falls undulating on her ſhoulders and around her waiſt. Love himſelf is forced to admire the ruddy, yet ſoft, freſhneſs of her countenance; her graceful motion, and the mild majeſty of her front. He deſires to approach, and behold her nearer, but a ſenſation new to him withholds him; he ſtops, while, by a charm he cannot comprehend, the Goddeſs at once invites him and deters.

The Nymphs now diſperſe throughout the Grotto, except Panroſe, who ſeats herſelf at the feet of the Goddeſs. Love, inſeparable from Panroſe, ſtill attends by her ſide, under the form of Coronis. Dryas gives the Nymphs uſeful leſſons: my dear Panroſe, ſaid ſhe, beware of the

(*a*) Callianaſſa and Callianira. Dict. de la Fable.

ſnares of Love; it is not when he ſhews, but when he hides himſelf, he is moſt to be feared! Thus it was he ſurprized Melantho, Leucothoë, the innocent Caliſta, and the fair Pomona (7). He triumphs only in deluſion and deceit. He promiſes happineſs; but he only can diſturb it, or deſtroy.

Thus ſpoke Dryas: Panroſe promiſed to follow her advice, and Love laughed.

The unſuſpecting Nymph recollecting her companions, and leaning with ſecurity on the arm of the dangerous Coronis, quitted the Grotto of Dryas. Scarcely had ſhe left this auguſt Aſylum before an uncommon ſenſation invaded her heart. Silent and loſt in thought, ſhe followed the footſteps of Love, who led her far from her companions. The paths he choſe were all ſtrewed with flowers; but, while ſhe wandered along this unknown road, Panroſe ſometimes beheld dreadful Precipices and bottomleſs Gulfs, that made her ſhrink and ſhudder with horror!

Oh! Coronis, ſaid ſhe, at length, with a timid and trembling voice, whither Coronis doſt thou lead me?

We are on Ætna, replied Love. Look at yonder ſmoke which riſes in dark clouds: we approach the ſummit. Fear nothing, charming Nymph, for what you have to fear?

I know not, ſaid Panroſe: and yet never till now did

did I feel ſuch emotions! Where are our companions? Come, let us ſeek them.

Panroſe would have called Polixo, Dymas, Phaloë; but ſpent and fatigued with the length and rapidity of her aſcent, ſhe had not the power. Love invited her to repoſe in a bower of Myrtles and Roſes, not far from the horrid Cave where the black and monſtrous Cyclops forge the thunder-bolts of Jupiter.

She ſtopped, and ſat down upon a green bank. ——She could not conceive what paſſed in her ſoul.——In vain did ſhe endeavour to drive the image of Daphnis from her imagination. Every ſong he had made on her, the melting ſounds of his voice, and the youthful ſhepherd's lyre, were unceaſingly echoing in her ear. Songs ſo ſweet, ſo melodious, that never Nymph durſt hear, except as ſhe fled. Thus flies the fearful and light-footed Deer, who hears far off the Huntſman's horn, and the diſtant ſhouts of the Purſuer.

Plunged in a profound revery, Panroſe was ſilent; Love beheld her with malicious ſmiles, and at laſt addreſſed her thus:

Oh! Panroſe, how delightful are theſe ſcenes; what ideas do they retrace! Here it was that the lovely daughter of Ceres gathered flowers, and formed them into garlands of Roſes, when the redoubled Sovereign of Hell firſt preſented himſelf

ſelf to her view. Here did Love melt the heart of this ferocious, inflexible and cruel God.

Here, in vain, did the imprudent Cyane oppoſe the tranſports love inſpired: ſhe loſt at once her form and life, and became only a fugitive rivulet. Yonder you ſee her meandering through the flowery mead. Oh! how ſweet it is to come and meditate upon her banks. Methinks I hear her plaintive voice murmuring tell us, Oh Nymphs, beware of reſiſting Love.

Farther off you diſcover the Fountain Arethuſa. By metamorphoſing the Nymph, Diana hoped ſhe might evade the purſuits of Alpheus; but he, protected by Love, ſoon was re-united to his Arethuſa. Behold how the Fountain ſpurns backward its waters, curls, falls again, and precipitates its white froth into the vaſt and profound ſea! It is Love who gives the waves this impetuous motion, who hurries on the unwilling Arethuſa, and conducts her towards her lover.

Caſt your eyes to the ſide of yonder Rock; it was at the foot of that majeſtic Cedar, by which it is overſhadowed, that the affectionate Galatea converſed with her Acis. Behold yonder River, an eternal monument of regret to the Nereid, and of the power of Love (*a*).

(*a*) Polyphemus cruſhed Acis beneath a Rock, and Galatea changed the blood of her lover into a River. There is at preſent a river Acis in Sicily.

But what ſounds are theſe which aſſault our ears? It is the decline of day, and the Shepherds, driving their flocks to the folds, ſing ſweetly their amorous ditties, while each approaches the Hamlet where dwells the Shepherdeſs he loves. Oh! what ſoft delights muſt they feel, if we may judge from their apparent joy. Hark! hear you not thoſe charming Concerts, thoſe ſounds of Flutes and rural Lyres, mingled with their melodious voices; the Woods, the Rocks, the Vallies, all reſpire the name of Love——If this God were the Author of ſo many pangs, were it true that he were ſuch as Dryas had depicted him, would they celebrate him with ſuch joyous tranſport?———But what is the matter Panroſe? ——You ſeemed moved, agitated.

Do I not hear the voice of——Hark, Coronis!

What voice do you hear? replied Love, ſmiling.

Of—A Shepherd, ſaid Panroſe, with a bluſh.

But what Shepherd? reiterated Love.

Oh! Coronis, ſaid Panroſe. Yeſterday, my dear Coronis, I could mention him without fear or perplexity; but now——I know not wherefore——I dare not pronounce his name. Oh Gods!——the voice appooaches; fly Coronis.

It is too late, cried Love.

Daphnis

Daphnis inſtantly appeared, ſprang towards the loſt Panroſe, and fell at her feet. In vain did ſhe endeavour to avoid him. Love detained, Love held her; the Nymph complained of the violence, but yielded to it, nor was ſhe angry at it.

Having, however, liſtened to Daphnis for ſome moments, Panroſe at laſt freed herſelf from the arms of Love.

Stop Panroſe, cried Daphnis, ſtop; ſince you wiſh me dead, ſince you hate me, praiſed be the Gods that I am not immortal.—Yes, if you refuſe to hear me, I will plunge into yonder bottomleſs abyſs, and terminate a life which it is impoſſible I ſhould any longer ſupport.

He ſaid: Panroſe, vanquiſhed by terror, tremblingly returned; and, guided by Love, triumphant, was re-conducted to the Bower. She liſtened to the tender plaints of Daphnis, and a thouſand times repeated, an affectionate friendſhip was all ſhe ever could entertain for him, and that ſhe ſhould eternally be inſenſible to Love. The Shepherd, however, was content; and Panroſe, as ſhe parted from him, promiſed to return, on the morrow, to the Bower in which they had been ſurprized by night.

No ſooner did the morning dawn, than Panroſe, full of diſquietude, oppreſſed by melancholy forebodings, went to ſeek for, and open her heart to,

Dryas; the Goddeſs ſighed, and mourned for Panroſe. Lovely Nymph, ſaid ſhe, the deed is accompliſhed; Cupid has ſeduced your heart. Oh! may the dangerous Son of Mercury, may Daphnis feel the worth of his victory, and may the torch of Hymen light you to happineſs! But that God, prudent and peaceable, ill agrees with Love; he requires laſting ſentiments, thoſe which Love inſpires all are fleeting (8). Obſtacles, fears, inquietude, are the food of Love; it is a light flame, that is extinguiſhed if it be not conſtantly blown.——But let us not enquire into the future. Receive, my dear Panroſe, this pledge of tenderneſs from Dryas; this Veil which my hands have woven; wear it always, never put it off for a moment; it cannot fix Love, but it will render you more beauteous in your huſband's eyes.

Panroſe, moved by her goodneſs, received, kneeling, the divine Veil which the charming Goddeſs of modeſty gave her, and threw it reſpectively over her. The Veil, faſtened to her front, hid her flowing hair, and her elegant and majeſtic ſhape; but it gave her a new and more inviting grace; and, though it concealed, in part, her charms from the eye, it added to her beauty.

Panroſe, notwithſtanding her promiſe, could not determine to return to the Bower; but ſhe

ſhe fled her companions; their pure and ſimple joys increaſed her trouble; ſhe ſought ſolitude, and ſtrayed mournfully along the Mountain, till at laſt ſhe arrived near the gulph of Scylla. Panroſe ſhrunk with terror, when ſhe heard the dreadful ſhrieks of the wretched daughter of Phorcus.

Oh miſerable Nymph! cried ſhe, to what horrid ſtate are thou brought by Love! Alas! from what fearful ills had indifference preſerved thee; had thy heart never known Love, we ſtill ſhould have ſeen thee ſporting on the Strand among the Nereides, and by thy beauty effacing all their charms.—Thy groans are echoed at the very bottom of my heart, never before did they make an impreſſion ſo deep and ſad.——Oh! fatal and terrible example!——Let me fly this place of horrors!

So ſaying the Nymph quickened her ſteps, and ſoon arrived on the Banks of the revered Lake, awful to the perjured, whoſe ſacred brinks the faithleſs lover and the perfidious friend dare not approach; its ſhores are deſerted and ſolitary; amiable Innocence and Virtue alone may ſtray along them without fear or danger (*a*).

(*a*) The Lake of the Palicii.

The Nymph ſtopt, and reſted at the foot of a willow, when, in an inſtant, Daphnis, guided by Love, appears in ſight. He approaches, flies, he is on his knees, and vows eternal conſtancy. Panroſe affected and troubled, knew the importance of vows pronounced on the borders of this Lake; and, no longer able to doubt her lover's ſincerity, was reſtrained by baſhfulneſs alone from confeſſing her feelings.

Daphnis, deſirous of knowing his deſtiny, preſſed the Nymph to pronounce —— Speak, oh Panroſe, ſaid he, ſpeak; muſt Daphnis give up happineſs and life, or do you deign to authorize his hopes?

Panroſe made no reply, but her cheeks were dyed with a deep colour of the carnation; her eyes were down-caſt, and taking gently her veil, ſhe threw it over her face. The happy Daphnis underſtood this anſwer (9).

Oh adorable Nymph! cried he; oh tranſporting avowal? It makes me the happieſt of mortals?— Yes, Panroſe, in this place, the witneſs of my felicity, will I raiſe an Altar to Modeſty, and on that divine Altar will I place the Statue of Love (10).—— Oh ye immortal and generous Brothers! implacable enemies of Perjury and Crimes! ye terrible Divinities, whom Sicily adores, hear my vows! By your pure and dreaded

Waves,

Waves, I ſwear eternal fidelity to Panroſe! and as, ſhould I forfeit this ſacred oath, I ſhould be no longer worthy to look on Panroſe and day, oh! mighty Gods! that inſtant when I am falſe, ſnatch from me the light of heaven, and ſtrike me blind!——This chaſtiſement, more fearful than death, would yet be too ſlight a puniſhment for ſuch a crime!

Soft tears of delight courſed each other down the beauteous cheeks of Panroſe.——She roſe, approached the borders of the Lake, and, kneeling by the ſide of Daphnis, ſaid——Oh immortal Gods! By the ſame oaths which Daphnis has pronounced let me ſtand bound.

Love, at this inſtant, quitting the form of Coronis, appeared to Panroſe in his true ſhape; promiſed her pure and laſting happineſs, and would himſelf preſide at the nuptials which ſoon united the Lovers.

Panroſe was not long, ere ſhe regretted the tranquillity ſhe had loſt; more affectionate than ever, ſhe was not ſo happy. Daphnis always aſſured her of his love; his language was the ſame, but he had no longer that expreſſive manner which perſuades. Panroſe durſt not complain; Daphnis thought her ſatisfied, and this was an additional wrong. The amiable Nymph confided only to Dryas her ſecret ſorrows; in her boſom ſhe

dropt the bitter tears, which the Goddeſs herſelf adviſed her to hide from Daphnis.

And now the indiſcreet Meſſenger of the Thunder-bearer, Fame, ſwift and prompt, after trumpeting her tidings through Greece, directed her rapid flight towards Sicily, and alighted on the ſummit of Ætna (*a*).

There ſhe publiſhed, that new Games were to be celebrated in Elis, and that the daughter of Archidamas, the beautiful and haughty Cyniſca, as going thither to contend, at the Olympic Game, for the Prize of the Chariot Courſes, which the Greeks had lately inſtituted.

This news inſpired Daphnis with a curioſity he could not ſurmount; and the timid Panroſe had not the power to oppoſe a reſolution which made her wretched. Daphnis departed, and left her overwhelmed with grief. In vain ſhe ſought to forget her ſorrows, inquietude preyed upon her, and cruel gloomy jealouſy devoured and withered her heart, till, at laſt, ſhe determined to follow Daphnis.

Not daring to addreſs Love, the Author of the ill ſhe endured, ſhe invoked Jupiter: Sovereign

(*a*) Fame, the Meſſenger of Jupiter, alights in the higheſt places, to publiſh all ſorts of News. She has not the power to be ſilent.

of

of Man and Gods, ſaid ſhe, deign to tranſport me to Daphnis; and deign, farther, to render me inviſible to all eyes, as long as I ſhall deſire to remain.

Her prayer was heard, and, in the ſame inſtant, ſhe found herſelf in Elis, in the vaſt and brilliant Arena of Olympus; the Chariot Races were going to begin. Panroſe inviſible among a multitude of ſpectators, ſaw only Daphnis, and flew towards him. At firſt ſhe felt nothing but joy, to find herſelf beſide her beloved huſband, but this momentary happineſs coſt her dear.

Suddenly was ſeen, proudly entering the Liſts, the warlike Daughter of Archidamas. Her chariot was ſuperb, in the form of a ſea-ſhell, the golden rays of which dazzled all eyes; a purple robe, a ſaſh embroidered with gold, and a diadem of pearls, formed her dreſs, at once ſimple and magnificent; her awful and majeſtic beauty attracted and fixed the attention. She boldly conducted her four horſes, chaumping on the bit, to the ſtarting-place; then caſting a diſdainful and haughty eye on the Princeſs and Heroes of Greece, who dared diſpute the Prize with her, ſhe looked certain of victory; every heart was for her, and her very rivals were aſtoniſhed they ſhould ever dare to have thought of contending with her.

In the midſt of that vaſt circle, round which the Chariots were to run, an Altar was raiſed, on which was placed a brazen Eagle, with outſpread wings; a hidden ſpring was touched, the Eagle moved and clapt his wings, and, at the ſame moment, the ſhrill trumpet gave the ſignal for ſtarting. The Chariot wheels whirled along the Arena: the beauteous Cyniſca led them all, animated, not terrified by the clamorous ſounds of the inſtruments, and the ſhouts and applauſes of the ſpectators. In vain did the admiration of her abaſhed Rivals degenerate into jealouſy; in vain would they intimidate her by their cries; and, unable to overtake, ſeek, at leaſt, to terrify and diſcourage her; but her ſerenity was not to be moved: inſenſible to the clamours of Envy, ſhe purſued her glorious courſe, and thought only of the immortal laurels with which ſhe ſhould ſoon be crowned.

She arrived at length at the goal, leapt from her Chariot, and embraced the ancient Oak, the ſacred tree, which terminated the career, and which, till that memorable day, the hand of woman never had touched. A thouſand joyous ſhouts pierced the air, with the ſound of voices and inſtruments, which celebrated her name. Cyniſca is drawn in a triumphal car to the Tomb of Endymion; is ſeated on a ſumptuous Throne, dazzling with ſilver and gold, decorated with purple

purple of the Tyrian dye, and feſtoons of the vine and laurel, where ſhe received the prize ſhe had won.

New games now began; the Prize of Song was to be diſputed, and Daphnis entered the Liſts. Panroſe, always inviſible, followed his ſteps; the Nymph, agitated by mortal inquietude, tremblingly ſaw Daphnis approach the beauteous, the dangerous, Cyniſca. She had but too well read the fickle heart of her huſband, but ſhe endeavoured to deceive herſelf, wiſhed to doubt of her wretchedneſs, and feared to caluminate the man ſhe loved, by giving way to jealouſy.

Daphnis, however, took the lyre preſented him, began to ſing, and the firſt word he pronounced was the name of Cyniſca. The diſtracted Panroſe ſhuddered; Daphnis ſtood by her ſide to celebrate her Rival; ſhe heard the ſame paſſionate expreſſiveneſs which Daphnis formerly had, when he complained of her cruelty. Alas! ſaid ſhe, thus it was he once ſang Panroſe.

The delighted Greeks applauded with tranſport, but Daphnis, inſenſible to Fame, thought only of Cyniſca. He obtained the Prize, he received the Myrtle Crown, and, impetuouſly advancing towards Cyniſca, laid the Reed and the Lyre at her feet (11).

At this fatal moment a thick veil ſhadowed his eyes, and robbed them of ſun-ſhine and day; he gave a ſhriek——Avenging Gods! cried he——

The ſound expired on his trembling lips: Panroſe flew to catch him, and the faithleſs and the miſerable Daphnis fainted in the arms of the Nymph he had betrayed.

Mercury, affected at his Son's deſtiny, inveloped him and Panroſe in a cloud, caught them from the eyes of the aſtoniſhed ſpectators, and thus tranſported them near Mount Olympus, in Theſſaly, to the delicious Vale of Tempe.

Mercury gently laid his ſon on the flowery green ſwerd, for Daphnis ſtill remained entranced; Panroſe, kneeling beſide him, bathed his face with her tears. The Nymph is no longer inviſible, Mercury beholds her with aſtoniſhment, admires her beauty, and her ſtill more touching grace.

Oh Love! ſaid he, cruel Love! theſe are thy caprices: if thou, Panroſe, couldſt not fix the heart of Daphnis, what Nymph ſhall dare depend on the fidelity of her Lover?——My ſon is as guilty as unfortunate. Alas! I cannot revoke his fate, I cannot change his heart, I cannot even reſtore him to ſight; he muſt expiate his crime; ſuch is the ſentence pronounced by the avenging Gods, by whom he is purſued. But for you, oh charming Nymph, it is not juſt that you

you ſhould groan beneath galling chains, which an ungreatful Lover has broken, and I will propoſe the means of reſtoring your tranquillity.

Not far from this valley, at the foot of Olympus, is the Fountain Argyra, the cold waters of which have the virtue of making Lovers even loſe the very remembrance of an unhappy paſſion (*a*); but it may not be approached, except by fortitude not to be ſhaken. Love himſelf guards and forbids the entrance, and does not ſhew himſelf accompanied by ſports and pleaſures, full of innocence and charms, like as when he wiſhes to ſeduce; you will ſee him menacing, imperious, terrible! Armed with his keen darts, he will repel you with violence; while ſnaky-haired Jealouſy, her poinard uplifted, will ſecond his efforts; and while amiable, but deceitful Hope, will hold out her arms, only to bear you from the happy path, which following, would conduct you to the end of all your pains. But be not intimidated, theſe dreadful and ſeductive objects are but fantaſtic illuſions, vain phantoms, which will retreat as you advance, and vaniſh like airy dreams, if you have the courage to purſue your route. I am not permitted to

(*a*) I before ſpoke of this Fountain, in the Tale of Alphonſo, and have only added to the Fable the Allegory of the road which leads to it.

guide

guide your ſteps towards this ſalutary Fountain, I only can point out the road.

Ah! ſaid Panroſe, heaving a deep ſigh, I certainly ſhould have fortitude to undertake and end this fearful journey; but, oh! Son of Jupiter, caſt your eyes there; look at the dreadful ſtate to which unpitying deſtiny has reduced you Son; what muſt become of him, ſhould I ceaſe to love him?—Yes, Daphnis, yes, dear and unfortunate huſband, let me preſerve feelings that diſtract my heart, but which, at leaſt, ſhall ſoften the horror of thy ſituation—Alas! the wretched Panroſe only can conſole, by deceiving thee.—But to preſerve thee from deſpair, every thing becomes poſſible.—Oh, Mercury! hear my prayer.—After the Chariot race, the beauteous Cyniſca was borne in triumph, and her voice was heard, aloud, rendering thanks to Olympian Jove. Alas! I ſaw Daphnis was affected by her accents; Oh! grant to me that voice that charmed him, that when he wakes from his lethargy of ſenſe, Daphnis may ſtill believe himſelf in company with her he loves; and that an adored hand dries his tears, and guides his ſteps.—My preſence would now only be a cruel and inſupportable reproach, and I would not have the barbarity to add to his woes, by ſeeming to ſuccour them.—Let him attribute

to

to my Rival the tenderneſs he owes only to me. —Yes, let him—If I can only make him happy, I care not what I ſuffer.

Generous Nymph, ſaid Mercury, your wiſh is granted; henceforth you ſhall have the voice of the Rival, who never can deſerve to be preferred to you. But what torments will your Lover's error make you undergo! Oh, Panroſe! may you reap the fruits of love ſo pure, ſo faithful, ſo affectionate!

So ſaying, the God extended his arm, lightly touched Daphnis with his Caduceus, and again reſtored him to ſenſe. He roſe; his eyes were open, but impenetrable darkneſs was around, and the hills and vallies echoed with his mournful cries. Conſole yourſelf, my ſon, ſaid Mercury. Love, the cauſe of your affliction, affords you a rich amends.

Thus having ſaid, the God ſpurned the earth, ſprang above the clouds, and diſappeared to the eyes of Panroſe.

Daphnis, thinking himſelf alone, abandoned, vented his deſpair in the moſt affecting complaints. The liſtening Panroſe ſhed a flood of tears; a word from her would calm his grief, yet could ſhe not reſolve to break ſilence, ſo mortally did ſhe fear the tranſports with which the ſound of her voice would inſpire Daphnis; his

his grief made her wretched, and his joy would rend her very heart.

Pity, at length, however, vanquiſhed jealouſy, Daphnis, ſaid ſhe, you are not forſaken. Love, the moſt affectionate, watches over and guards you from harm.

Gods! interrupted Daphnis, what do I hear? —Is it not an illuſion? Is it, can it be the voice of Cyniſca?—You are ſilent—Oh! ſpeak, whoever you are, ſpeak, let me hear the harmonious raptures of that voice—You anſwer not! Alas! I am deceived.

No, Daphnis, replied the wretched Panroſe, here is one who will never forſake you.

It is ſhe, cried the extatic Daphnis, it is Cyniſca.—Oh! thou whom I adore, divine Cyniſca, thou alone canſt change my deſtiny; deprived as I am of heaven's light, thou alone canſt make me live.—Yet imagine the horror of my ſituation—I am with thee, yet cannot behold thee. —But thou loveſt me; I hear thy voice, and ought to bleſs my fate.——Where art thou, Cyniſca? Deign to let me touch thee; ſuffer me to proſtrate myſelf at thy feet.—Oh, Gods! doſt thou give me thy hand? Do I preſs it to my heart? Do I water with my tears that beloved, that charitable hand, that guides an unhappy wretch deprived of light?—Why doſt thou

thou ſigh, Cyniſca?—Ah! weep not for me; I never was happy till this moment.

Daphnis, ſaid Panroſe, I confeſs there is a ſecret inquietude which troubles and torments me.—I dare not rely upon thy faith; another Nymph, once beloved by thee—

No, haſtily interrupted Daphnis, no, I loved her not; I knew not love till I knew you: be certain I did not, charming Cyniſca.———Oh! weep not thus—

Alas! ſaid Panroſe, I weep for that unfortunate Nymph; and ſurely, Daphnis, thou oughteſt to weep for her too.

She will be ever dear to me, replied Daphnis, ſighing; but in breaking the ties by which we were united, I reſtore her liberty, and a new paſſion may conſole her.

What haſt thou dared imagine, cried Panroſe; No, never—Ah, cruel man!—could'ſt thou think it poſſible to forget thee?

Adored Cyniſca! replied Daphnis, what gratitude does this generoſity inſpire! But judge not the heart of Panroſe by thy own; compare not thy affection to any, but what thou thyſelf canſt create.

Thus could not Daphnis ſay a word which was not to the feeling Panroſe, like the harrow to the boſom of the earth.

No

No ſooner had Night ſpread her black veil than the inviſible arm of Jupiter tranſported the ſleeping Daphnis and Panroſe to the foot of Ætna. The Shepherd, when he awaked, imagined himſelf ſtill near Mount Olympus; and the Nymph, in pity, encouraged the miſtake.

Panroſe, faithful to the duty ſhe had impoſed on herſelf, ſerved every day as a guide to the dark Daphnis, from the riſing to the ſetting Sun; but ſhe led him only to thoſe places, which all retraced the memory of former bliſs: ſometimes the Shepherd ſeated himſelf at the foot of a tree, on which his once raptured hand had deep engraved the name of Panroſe; ſometimes he repoſed in the Bower where the Nymph firſt heard his vows; yet did the faithleſs Shepherd never ſpeak but of the daughter of Archidamas. In the arms of Panroſe he vowed eternal fidelity to Cyniſca.

A thouſand times did the wretched Nymph think to betray her ſecret, and a thouſand times was ſhe reſtrained by the fearful apprehenſion of ſeeing Daphnis in deſpair; ſhe was ſecretly determined ſometimes to let him know it, but ſhe felt how much ſhe ſhould gain by deferring it; how much ſtronger the gratitude of Daphnis ſhould be; and this idea animated and ſuſtained her fortitude.

She flattered herſelf, too, that time would enfeeble his love for Cyniſca; but in this ſhe was deceived.

deceived. Panroſe, often irritated, ever diſcontented and unhappy, never ſeemed paſſionately fond of Daphnis: he was not certain his paſſion was returned, and he was agitated and preyed upon by this fear. Love, ſatiated, ſleeps when he is ſecure; he is nouriſhed and kept awake by incertitude.

Oh, Cyniſca! Daphnis would ſay, I owe thee every thing, yet thou partakeſt not the paſſion thou doſt inſpire, thy coldneſs often drives me to deſpair, thou heareſt with indifference my ſongs in thy praiſe. I ſing only of Cyniſca; the name of Cyniſca is ever on my lips, and yet thou art not moved—Do I, then, owe to pity alone, all the generous cares thou haſt deigned to dedicate to me?—Ah! if it be ſo, abandon the unfortunate Daphnis; if thou doſt not love, do not imagine thou canſt conſole.

Ungrateful Shepherd, replied Panroſe—No, Daphnis, thou canſt not conceive the exceſs of thy ingratitude.

Oh, rapturous reproach! cried Daphnis.—Dear, divine Cyniſca, with a ſingle word thou haſt diſſipated all my fears; yet, alas! wherefore haſt thou never the expreſſions of love, except to complain of thy Lover?

Such were the converſations of the Nymph and the Shepherd.

Twice

Twice did Panroſe behold returning Spring, and ſtill did ſhe continue in the ſame unhappy condition. At length, after ſuffering with ſo much conſtancy, ſhe ſuddenly took the reſolution to reveal her ſecret.

Away ſhe went to the banks of the Lake of the Palicii, approached the green Altar, which Daphnis formerly there had reared, and, kneeling to the Statue of Love, invoked that cruel God, the author of all her ſufferings.—Oh, Love! ſaid ſhe, deign to dry up the ſource of my tears, by reſtoring me the heart of Daphnis; deign once more to appear in my behalf; behold it is Fidelity that implores thee, anſwer to its ſoft but ſteady voice which now calls.

Love heard, and appeared on a fleeting cloud, which reſting over the Altar, he thus anſwered the weeping Nymph.

Oh, thou, who art the glory and ornament of my Empire! Oh, Panroſe! wherefore cannot I grant thy prayer! But though I can render Lovers faithleſs, I cannot again light up a flame which is once extinct; yet, if Love had the power to perform this miracle, it ought to be for Panroſe. Yes, generous Nymph, I wiſh it, but dare not promiſe.—Go, ſeek thy Lover. Jove gives thee power to reſtore him to ſight the moment

moment thou wiſheſt it. Day again ſhall appear to Daphnis.

Love ended, and, plunging into the cloud on which he rode, diſappeared from the eyes of Panroſe.—What! cried the tranſported Nymph, ſhall Daphnis again look upon the ſun; ſhall he owe that unexpected happineſs to me; and ſhall he, the ſame moment, learn all I have done for him? Can I any longer doubt? No, deareſt Daphnis, that would be to wrong thee unpardonably; I ſhall regain all my power over thy heart, and ſhould be unworthy Love and thee, did I heſitate a moment to be thus aſſured.

She ſaid, and inſtantly flew to the Bower of Myrtles and Roſes, where ſhe found Daphnis; with a trembling hand ſhe ſeized the hand of her Lover; ſhe led, or rather haſtily dragged, him to the Banks of the Lake Palicii, to the Statue of Love; then breaking ſilence, ſaid—Daphnis, behold the light, and know the hand by which thou haſt ever been guided.

The blood froze in the veins of Daphnis; Panroſe again had aſſumed her own voice, and that voice ſo mild, ſo ſweet, and ſo tender, ſpoke like thunder to the guilty ſoul of Daphnis; the film vaniſhed from his eyes, and he ſunk, with ſtill deeper terror, when he beheld the awful Lake of the Palicii.—At the ſight of Panroſe, aſtoniſhment

ment and confuſion roſe reddening in his countenance; then, inſtantly, aſſumed a deadly pale, which ſpoke but too plainly the fearful perplexity that overcame him, and the cruel remorſe that gnawed his heart. Thus motionleſs he remained, with moiſt and downcaſt eyes.

Oh, Daphnis! ſaid Panroſe, quit this perplexity; it offends my love; when I brought you on theſe awful Banks, I wiſhed not to retrace the memory of thoſe holy and ſacred ties by which we are united.—Think not I aſk new oaths; I am henceforth certain of thy heart, and ſhould regard a promiſe; which now would be uſeleſs to my tranquillity, as an inſult, which would but debaſe us both. I find in my own love all the confidence which my huſband can deſire for the ſecurity of my affection as well as his.

So ſaying, Panroſe approached Daphnis, and held out her arms.—The Shepherd raiſed his eyes to heaven, with the utmoſt expreſſion of grief; deluge of tears overflowed his face, and a mournful ſilence, for a moment, impeded ſpeech. At length, kneeling to Panroſe, he cried—No, never will I have the baſeneſs to take advantage of your generoſity, only to deceive you. Oh! virtuous deliverer of the unfortunate Daphnis, know my fate, and know your

your own. To you I conſecrate my life; a thouſand times, were it poſſible, would I devote it to your ſafety and peace; every thing that gratitude and admiration can inſpire, I feel!—But—

Daphnis ſtopt.

Proceed, Barbarian, exclaimed Panroſe; proceed, finiſhed; tear the heart from this poor boſom; tell me thou canſt not love.

Daphnis made no reply.

Is it poſſible! cried the Nymph.—What canſt thou ſtill prefer Cyniſca to Panroſe?

Hold, cried Daphnis, overwhelm not one who has already but too much cauſe of complaint. What I now feel for Cyniſca, is but what I felt for thee before the date of my misfortunes; but the feelings thou now inſpireſt, though leſs paſſionate, are, however, more profound, and will endure as long as life. Cyniſca, in ſpite of myſelf, lives in my imagination, but thou wilt reign for ever over my heart.

Panroſe liſtened, grew pale, and ſhivered; the icy blood crept along her veins, and froze her heart, which Hope abandoned now beyond return.

What do I hear! ſaid ſhe; what new day breaks upon my mind, and diſſipates former vain illuſions!—Have I, then, hitherto made felicity depend

depend on a blind and irrational ſenſation, which imagination only can produce, which ſuffers deſtruction without a cauſe, and which the beſt founded gratitude cannot reſtore?—Daphnis, let us for ever abjure theſe fatal errors, and let a tender friendſhip conſole and reward us for all the fearful ills we have ſuffered. Come, follow me! Let us break the Statue of Love, and on the Ruins of his overthrown Altar, we may, in the face of the Gods, without fear of perjury, vow a mild and uniform affection, which ſhall deſcend with us to the tomb.

NOTES

NOTES

TO

DAPHNIS AND PANROSE.

(1) THE Daughters of Antipœnus devoted themſelves as ſacrifices for the Thebans, according to the anſwer of the Oracle, which pronounced the City ſhould be delivered from the hand of Hercules, if ſome one of the moſt illuſtrious families it contained would ſacrifice itſelf, and all the Daughters of Antipœnus killed themſelves.

The courageous Hyacinthides —" Were the daughters " of Erictheus, King of Athens; having devoted them- " ſelves to the good of their country, they were ſurnamed " Hyacinthides, from the place where they were ſacri- " ficed. They were alſo called the Virgins.

The Daughters of Echion, King of Thebes —" Were " two maidens, who ſuffered themſelves to be ſacrificed, " to appeaſe the Gods, who at that time afflicted their " country with a horrible drought. There roſe from " their aſhes two men crowned, who celebrated the " death of theſe generous Princeſſes. There was ano- " ther Echion, the father of Pentheus, who was one of " thoſe who aſſiſted Cadmus to build Thebes, and from " whom the Thebans have been called Echionides. " There was yet another Echion, the Herald of the " Argonauts." *Dict. de la Fable.*

(2) *The ſeven daughters of Alcion* —" Alcion was a " Grant, the brother of Porphyrion, who killed twenty- " four of the Soldiers of Hercules, and was himſelf killed

" by that hero. His ſeven daughters were ſo affected, " that they threw themſelves in the ſea, where they " were changed into Alcyons, (Halcyons, or King's " Fiſhers.")

The charming Erigone, immolating herſelf at the Tomb of Icarus—" Erigone hung herſelf on a tree when ſhe " knew of her father's death; this ſhe learnt from the " continual barking of Mera, the Bitch of Icarus, at her " maſter's Tomb. This Erigone was beloved of Bac- " chus, who, to ſeduce her, transformed himſelf into a " bunch of Grapes. The Poets have feigned ſhe was " metamorphoſed into the Conſtellation called Virgo. " The following was the cauſe of her death: Icarus, " the father of Erigone, having given the Peaſants wine " to drink, who knew not its effects, they became drunk; " and other Peaſants, ſuppoſing them poiſoned, ſlew Ica- " rus; on which the wives of theſe Peaſants were ſeized " with madneſs, which laſted till the Oracle and or- " dained Feaſts in honour of Icarus. Thence came the " Icarian Games, which conſiſted in balancing on a cord " attached to two trees, that is to ſay, ſwinging (*a*). " Mera, the Bitch of Icarus, was metamorphoſed into " the Conſtellation called Canicula, and Icarus into a " Star, which is ſuppoſed to be Boötes, or the Herdſ- " man. There was another Icarus, the ſon of Dæda- " lus, and a t[illegible], who was the father of Penelope." *Dict. de la Fable.*

The beauteous Hypſipyle.—The women of Lemnos having maſſacred their huſbands, and all the men on the

(*a*) Probably in memory of the death of Erigone, who, with a cord, hung herſelf on a tree.

iſland,

iſland, Hypſipyle, to ſave her father Thoas, feigned ſhe had killed him, but kept him concealed. This part of the ſtory is well known, the reſt not ſo much.

"Jaſon, going to the conqueſt of the Golden Fleece, "landed at Lemnos, and married Hypſipyle, whom the "Lemnian women had elected Queen. Jaſon abandoned "Hypſipyle for Medea; the Lemnians having learnt "that Hypſipyle had ſaved her father, expelled her the "iſland. She fell into the hands of Pirates; they ſold "her to Lycurgus, King of Nemea, who appointed her "to educate his ſon Archemorus. One day, Hypſipyle "having placed the young Prince on a bed of ſmallage, "while ſhe went to ſhew a fountain to the Princes who "were going to beſiege Thebes, the child died by the "bite of a ſerpent. Lycurgus would have puniſhed "her negligence with death, but the Argians took her "under their protection. The Nemean Games, which "were held once in three years, were inſtituted to commemorate this accident. The Conquerors were "clothed in black, and crowned with ſmallage."

The valiant Harpalyce—"The Daughter of Harpalycus, King of a part of Thrace. Her father being "borne hard upon in battle, and already wounded by "Neoptolemus, Harpalyce flew to his aſſiſtance, brought "him out of danger, and put to flight the troops of "Neoptolemus. She excelled in the management of "horſes. There were two other women of the ſame "name, one of whom was very wicked, and the other "died with grief, for not being able to ſoften the heart "of Iphiclus, whom ſhe loved."

The tender Siſters of young Hyas.—" The Hyades, " Daughters of Atlas and Etheria, were thus called " from Hyas, their brother, whom they loved ſo affec- " tionately they were inconſolable for his death. The " Gods, moved by their grief, changed them into Stars. " Others relate that the Hyades were Nymphs whom " Jupiter changed into Stars, to preſerve them from the " wrath of Juno, who determined to puniſh them for " the care they had taken in educating Bacchus."

Of the imprudent Phaeton—" The Heliades, Daugh- " ters of the Sun and Clemene, were three, Lampethuſa, " Lampetia, and Phaëthuſa. They were metamorphoſed " to Poplars, and their tears to Amber."

And the Meleagrides—" They wept ſo much for the " death of their brother Meleager, that the Gods " changed them into Fowls." *Dict. de la Fable.*

(3) *Panopea*---One of the Nereids, eminent for her purity, and the integrity of her manners. She was of the Divinities called Littorales (*a*). There was another Panopea, the wife of Hercules, by whom he had a ſon called after her name.

Tutia and Claudia, dear to Veſta—" Were Veſtals. " Tutia, accuſed of a crime, proved her innocence by " fetching water from the Tiber to the Temple of Veſta " in a ſieve. Claudia's virtue was ſuſpected, but Veſta " wrought a miracle to prove her innocence. She, with " her girdle only, drew the veſſel in which was the ſa-

(*a*) Sea-Gods. The name is derived from the cuſtom the Ancients had of fulfilling their vows, made at ſea, as ſoon as they came on ſhore.

" tue

"tue of the mother of the Gods, brought from Phrygia, "and which, having entered the Tiber, was ſo immove- "able that ſeveral thouſand men could not drag it "along."

Anaxabia, protected by Diana—"Was a Nymph "who vaniſhed in the Temple of Diana, where ſhe had "taken refuge to avoid the purſuits of Apollo."

Dict. de la Fable.

I might extend this Nomenclature, and cite the Nymph Ea, who, flying the River Phaſis, implored the ſuccour of the Gods, and became an Iſland; Coronis, whom Minerva changed into a Crow when purſued by Neptune, &c. &c. This is not the Coronis beloved of Apollo, and the mother of Æſculapius. They were many Nymphs of the ſame name.

(4) *The unhappy Argia*—"Was daughter to Adraſ- "tus, and wife to Polynice, whoſe corpſe ſhe went in "ſearch of with Antigonus, to pay it the laſt duties; "which irritated Creon ſo much he ſlew them both. "She became a Fountain that bore her name."

Laodamia—"There was another Laodamia, the "daughter of Bellerophon, beloved by Jupiter. Diana "ſlew the latter, with arrows, for her Pride."

Arganthones and Canens—"The former, the wife of "Rheſus, was ſo affected by her huſband's death, ſlain "at the ſiege of Troy, that ſhe died of grief; and Ca- "nens, or Canente, the wife of Picus, after his death "waſted away till nothing could be ſeen of her."

Evadne—"Daughter of Mars and Iphis, or, according "to others, of Mars and Thebe, was inſenſible to the love

" of Apollo, and eſpouſed Capaneus, who, being killed " with a thunderbolt (*a*) at the ſiege of Thebes, Evadne " threw herſelf into the fire that conſumed her huſband's " body."

(5) *The affectionate Pyrene*—" Cenchreis, the daugh- " ter of the Nymph Pyrene, having been ſlain acciden- " tally by a dart, which Diana hurled at a wild Beaſt, " her mother, Pyrene, ſhed ſo many tears that ſhe was " changed into a Fountain (*b*)."

And the Nymph who gave birth to Cycnus---" Hyria, " a Nymph of Arcadia, wept ſo much for the loſs of " her ſon, who had flung himſelf from a Rock, becauſe " one of his friends had refuſed to give him a Bull, that " ſhe melted away in tears, and was changed to a Lake " which bore her name."

Amphinome---" The mother of Jaſon, plunged a dag- " ger in her breaſt, through ſorrow for the long abſence " of her ſon."

Callipatria---" Diſguiſed herſelf like a Maſter of " Arms, to accompany her ſon to the Olympic Games, " where women were not permitted to come. She was " diſcovered by her tranſports at ſeeing her ſon victo- " rious. The Judges pardoned her, but made a Law

(*a*) Becauſe of his impiety.

(*b*) Other Authors ſay that Pyrene was a Princeſs, daughter of Bebrix, King of that part of Spain which borders on France. That ſhe was carried off by Hercules, who, having one day left her, at his return found her torn to pieces by wild Beaſts; and that he then buried her, by heaping one of the Mountains, ſince called Pyrenes, upon her.

" that,

" that, in future, the Maſter of Arms ſhould be naked " as well as the Athletæ."

(6) *Nymphs of the Waters, the Woods, the Meadows, and the Mountains*——" EPHYDRIDES, Nymphs of the " Lakes. I know not why this name is out of uſe, it is " poetical; ſo is Meliades and Epimelides, Nymphs who " preſide over Flocks; Limniades, Nymphs of the " Marſhes; Lominiades, Nymphs of the Flowers and " Meadows; Hereſides, Nymphs who waited on Juno " when ſhe bathed; Potamides, River Nymphs, &c.

(7) *Melantho, Leucothoë*---" Melantho was beloved of " Neptune, who took the figure of a Dolphin to carry " her off. Leucothoë was the daughter of Orchomus " and Eurinome, and beloved by Apollo, who de- " ceived her in the ſhape and habit of her mother. " Clytie, her Rival, informed Orchamus of the affair, " and he buried his daughter alive; but Apollo meta- " morphoſed her into a Frankincenſe tree." *Dict. de la Fable.*'

(8) According to the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, and almoſt all authors, Hymen was the ſon of Bacchus and Venus; but the following is a much more ingenious fable——Some Authors ſay that Hymen was a young " Athenian of obſcure birth, but perfect beauty; and " that he fell in love with a young Lady of high rank, " and diſguiſed himſelf in women's clothes to have the " pleaſure of being near her. Being one day thus diſ- " guiſed on the ſea-ſhore, in company with his miſtreſs, " celebrating the rites of Ceres-Eleuſina, there came " Pirates, who carried Hymen and all the Virgins off.

"The Pirates took them to a diſtant Iſland, where they "got drunk with joy, and fell aſleep. Hymen then "armed the Virgins, and killed the Pirates; after "which, leaving his miſtreſs and her companions on the "iſland, he went to Athens, where he made conditions "with all their parents, and demanded her he loved in "marriage as her ranſom, which was granted. This "marriage was ſo fortunate that the name of Hymen "was ever after invoked at all future nuptials; and the "Greeks at laſt worſhipped him as a God." DANCHET, *Diſſertation ſur les ceremonies Nuptiales des Anciens.*

(9) I would much rather have imagined this charming, this delicate anſwer of Panroſe, than have been the Author of twenty Tales like the preſent; but, unfortunately for me, the original of this is alſo to be found in the *Dictionnaire de la Fable.*

"The father of Penelope was Icarus, a noble and "powerful Spartan; unable to determine to part with "his daughter, he conjured Ulyſſes to live at Sparta, "but could not prevail. Ulyſſes having departed, with "his wife, Icarus mounted his chariot, overtook his "beloved daughter, and again redoubled his prayers "to return to Sparta. Ulyſſes then left it to the "choice of Penelope to ſtay, or follow him to Ithaca. "Penelope made no reply, but with downcaſt eyes hid "her face in her Viel. Icarus inſiſted no farther, but "erected an Altar to Modeſty."

Is it poſſible ſuch an incident ſhould be ſo little known! I have thought this anſwer might receive additional grace, by ſuppoſing Panroſe, juſt going to become

come a bride, had received from the Goddeſs of Modeſty this intereſting Veil. The ſimple recital, however, in the *Dictionnaire de la Fable* made a ſtronger impreſſion on me than the ſcene I have invented: the idea is ſo charming that, even if ſpoiled, it ſtill gives pleaſure.

(10) Vows among the Ancients were very cuſtomary, and accompanied with divers ceremonies. Sometimes they made libations; and, while the Prieſt plunged his knife into the victim, the ſacred wine was ſhed, and they cried aloud. "Let the blood of the man, "who ſhall dare to violate his oath, and of his race, "be ſprinkled upon the earth, like the blood of theſe "victims upon our Altars."

Sometimes they dipped their hands in the blood and entrails of the victims; at others they caſt red hot iron into the ſea, promiſing to keep their words till that iron ſhould return and ſwim upon the ſurface. The pains of death and infamy were inflicted on thoſe who violated their vows; but they excepted Orators, Poets, and Lovers from the puniſhment. The form of taking an oath among Kings was to raiſe the Sceptre. The Gods, whom the Greeks invoked on theſe occaſions, were infinite; ſometimes they called the Sun to witneſs, ſometimes the Styx, &c.

Pythagoras ſwore by the number four, which, according to him, was the Symbol of Divinity. Socrates called on the true God, the God who preſides over Friendſhip. *Mœurs des Grecs*, par MENARD.

(11) The Chariot Races were the moſt noble, and were of two ſorts, that is, either with two or four

horſes; the chariot and four was called Quadriga. The ancients did not arrange their horſes like us two and two, but all abreaſt. The Chariots were in the form of ſhells, and had two wheels, with a very ſhort pole. In the centre of the Liſts was an Altar, on which was placed a Brazen Eagle with ſpread wings, which was ſuddenly raiſed by means of a ſpring. This was a ſignal of departure. At the end of the Olympian Goal was the tomb of Endymion. The Liſts of Olympus were ſuperb, and were contained in a vaſt encloſure, 600 feet in length, which repreſented the prow of a veſſel, ſurrounded by ſtalls for the Horſes and Chariots. The Goal for the Races was the large trunk of an Oak or Pine-Tree, reared on the Confines about a cubit's height, and ſuſtained on each ſide by two white poliſhed ſtones. The prize of ſinging and poetry was a Myrtle Crown. Women and Virgins, once in five years, celebrated a particular feaſt at Olympus in honour of Juno; and the Virgins who ran in the Races were divided into three claſſes; the youngeſt ran the firſt, thoſe of a more advanced age ſecond, and the eldeſt laſt. In conſideration of their ſex, the length of the race was limited to 500 feet, its common length was 600. Thoſe who were victorious in the four ancient Games of Greece, whatever kind of conteſt it was, were called Periodonic: which name was given them from the word Period, that is, as the revolution of four Games.

Mœurs des Grecs, per MENARD.

THE

THE

PALACE OF TRUTH.

A MORAL TALE.

THE charming Queen Altemira married the moſt beautiful of all the Genii, the amiable and tender Phanor. The evening of the bridal day, the Queen was very deſirous the Genius ſhould conduct her to his Palace. Phanor ſighed, and, tenderly regarding Altemira, ſaid, I abandon it for your ſake. You reign over faithful ſubjects, and over my heart; let that Empire content you. It is not poſſible I ſhould take you to my Palace; but, ſince you cannot inhabit it, I ſhall return thither no more, and do not aſk me farther.

How, my Lord! interrupted Altamira, muſt I never ſee your Palace?

I dare flatter myſelf, replied Phanor, ſmiling, you will one day ſee it.

But when? replied the Queen, ardently.

In ſixteen years, if you then wiſh it.

In ſixteen years? Heavens!

From that time to this let it be forgotten: for your repoſe and mine, I muſt keep this ſecret.

The Queen was exceſſively curious, and complained, wept, and pouted, but Phanor was inflexible. The vexation of having a huſband ſo diſcreet was the only one Altemira knew; the wedded pair loved each other entirely; and, had it not been for the curioſity and eternal queſtions of the Queen, concerning the myſterious Palace of the Genius, they would have been perfectly happy.

Altemira gave birth to a Princeſs, whom the Genius, as may be eaſily imagined, endowed with all poſſible grace and perfections. Scarcely had Zeloide (the lovely Princeſs was ſo called) attained her fourteenth year, ere the Queen and the Genius were careful to chuſe her a future huſband, worthy of her charms; and their choice fell upon Prince Philamar, who adored Zeloide. The young Princeſs was conſulted, and ſhe owned ſhe preferred Philamar to all who had ever ſought her hand.

The Queen, who beheld with inexpreſſible ſatisfaction the moment approach, when, accord-

ing to the promiſe of the Genius, ſhe might indulge her curioſity, determined not to marry her daughter till ſhe had ſeen the Palace, and returned from her huſband's territories; and the moment, ſo ardently wiſhed, at length arrived.

Sixteen years had the Queen now been married, and ſhe preſſed Phanor to depart without delay. To-morrow, anſwered he, you ſhall be tranſported thither, if, after having heard what I ſhall relate, you perſiſt in the ſame reſolution. This evening you ſhall hear my ſtory. The Queen deſired Zeloide might be preſent; Phanor was loath to conſent, but at laſt yielded to the eager entreaties of the Queen. Towards the cloſe of the day, he went to Altemira's apartment, and, ſeating himſelf between the two Princeſſes, he thus began his tale.

The History of the Genius Phanor.

I was born with moſt lively paſſions. Our art, which renders us ſo ſuperior to mortals, can effect no alteration in the heart; and the Genius, my father, ſaw, with chagrin, that ſeveral centuries would be neceſſary, to render me prudent and happy.

In the mean time I became deeply enamoured of a Fairy, much older than myſelf, and more eminent

eminent for underſtanding than beauty: this choice did me honour. Prudina, ſo was the Fairy called, was held in great eſtimation, and was cited as a model of circumſpection, prudence, and virtue. So penetrating was her wit, ſhe ſaw my paſſion before I knew it myſelf, and informed me I was in love with her; at firſt I was going to tell her, with the utmoſt ſimplicity and openneſs of heart, ſhe was miſtaken; but ſhe ſeemed ſo confident, I thought it beſt to examine myſelf a little farther.

While ſhe chided me for a paſſion which ſhe called childiſh folly, Prudina diſcovered ſo much mildneſs, and friendſhip, that the conſequence of theſe lectures was, I found it poſſible I might in time obtain a place in her affections, and this hope begat the love which ſhe rather foreſaw than diſcovered. At laſt, I took courage, and preſſed Prudina for an explanation, and ſhe owned ſhe herſelf had fallen into the ſnares ſhe had counſelled me to avoid.

Enchanted with my good fortune, I ſpoke of marriage; but Prudina declared ſhe would not wed, till ſhe had firſt had proofs of my conſtancy; promiſing, at the ſame time, to give no one the leaſt item of the hopes ſhe indulged me in. She ſpoke highly of the charms of ſecrecy, and, as bragging was not my foible, ſhe eaſily obtained all ſhe aſked

on

on that head, and our mutual good underſtanding was wholly unknown to all.

One evening, as enveloped in a cloud I traverſed the air, towards the Palace of Prudina, I heard cries ſo grievous that pity obliged me to ſtop. I beheld a cavalcade of horſes and carriages, with a multitude of Slaves bearing flambeaux, and, in the midſt of this multitude, a young man of exquiſite beauty, who appeared the Maſter of the others, in all the agonies of deſpair. His followers all repeated his complaints, and rendered the ſcene ſtill more affecting.

I made myſelf known, and, addreſſing the charming youth, demanded the cauſe of ſuch extraordinary grief. I am, ſaid he, the Prince Zimis, and have from my infancy loved the Princeſs Eliana; our parents had agreed to our union, when the cruel Genius Phormidas, unhappily for me, ſaw and became enamoured of my love. Eliana treated him with ſo much rigour that he appeared to have loſt all hope. I took advantage of this momentary repoſe, and, accompanied by the train you ſee, was conducting my Princeſs into my own kingdom to celebrate our nuptials.

As we were paſſing through a gloomy foreſt, we were ſuddenly ſurprized by the appearance of Phormidas, who aſſaulted us, and, in ſpite of courage and reſiſtance, tore my dear Eliana from my

my arms. Vainly have I endeavoured, for three days, to follow the traces of the raviſher; fatigue, at laſt, has ſtopped us here, and here, I feel, will deſpair terminate my life and miſeries.

This recital greatly affected me; I comforted the unfortunate Zimis, and aſſured him his Princeſs ſhould be reſtored. Return, ſaid I, into your own kingdom, before the break of day, you ſhall again poſſeſs Eliana; my art is ſuperior to that of Phormidas. Adieu! confide your vengeance to me. This ſaid, I launched into the air, and ſoon loſt ſight of the Prince and his train.

I dedicated the night, deſtined to love, to benevolence; and inſtead of the Palace of Prudina, flew to the Throne of the Sovereign of the Genii, to whom I related the intereſting ſtory of Eliana and her Lover, and conjured him to deliver the young Princeſs from the tyranny of Phormidas.

Our auguſt Monarch, taking me by the hand, ſaid, follow me, I will give you ſome information concerning the fate of the Princeſs, and leave to you the glory of ending this adventure.

So ſaying, he conducted me into a magnificent ſalloon, ornamented with a multitude of glaſſes, one of which he touched with a golden wand. We muſt firſt ſee, ſaid he, what is at preſent become of Eliana, that our ſuccours and activity may equal the danger of her ſituation.

As

As he ſpoke, I ſaw the glaſs begin to colour, and it ſoon repreſented a young lady of perfect beauty; that is Eliana, ſaid the Genius, but obſerve how ſhe is employed.

At this inſtant, the magic Picture became compleat, and I ſaw, not without extreme ſurprize, Eliana alone in a garden, ſitting in a ſwing, which, in full motion, roſe even to the clouds, and weeping in ſo affecting a manner that I was greatly moved. My aſtoniſhment made the Genius ſmile: you will ſoon diſcover things much more extraordinary, ſaid he, ſhaking his head with a myſterious air. Here, receive this Taliſman, it will tranſport you whenever you pleaſe to the place where Eliana is detained; but arm yourſelf with coolneſs and courage, for you will need them both. If you terminate this ſingular and perilous adventure glorioufly, I promiſe to grant whatever reward you ſhall aſk.

So ſaying, the Monarch left me; and thus, in poſſeſſion of my Taliſman, I inſtantly wiſhed myſelf with Eliana. The very ſame moment I ſaw myſelf in the midſt of a ſuperb garden, heard the ſound of voices, ſtopt, looked round me, and, by the clear light of the moon, perceived, at ſome diſtance, the beautiful Eliana, whom I had ſeen in the magic Glaſs. She was preciſely in the ſame ſituation, ſwinging with the moſt furious velocity,

velocity, which madneſs appeared to me utterly inconceivable.

The Princeſs was converſing with a very pretty little Sylph, who was ſpeaking. It is pleaſant enough, ſaid he, to ſwing ſome times, but to ſwing always, whatever can be ſaid to perſuade you from it, ſtill ſwing, ſwing, ſwing, during all the prime of youth, this is cruel, I confeſs.

Oh! Zumio, replied the Princeſs, how happy are you, that you can preſerve your gaiety, you, it is true, like me, are deprived of liberty, but then you are not treated with ſo much barbarity.—— Oh! were you in my place —— Oh! cruel Genius! Oh! more inhuman Fairy! To what ſtrange puniſhment am I condemned!

The Princeſs could not continue her moving complaints, for, at that inſtant, her ſwing took ſo rapid, ſo impetuous, a motion that ſhe wanted breath and utterance.

I now learnt, the unfortunate Eliana was enchanted in this fatal ſwing. I drew near to her, told her what was become of her lover, promiſed to reſtore her to liberty, and entreated her to inform me of all that had happened. Alas! my Lord, ſaid ſhe, I fear you have not power to break the enchantment, which vengeance and jealouſy have imagined; or that you will be ſhocked by the con-

conditions, which muſt be fulfilled ere this can be accompliſhed.

My hiſtory, in few words, is as follows: The cruel Phormidas, after tearing me from the arms of my huſband, brought me to his Palace, I endeavoured to kill myſelf, and ſhould, no doubt, have proceeded to ſome fatal extremity, had not ſuddenly the roof of the Palace opened, and a woman, or rather a fury, appeared, drawn in a car of ebony by four monſtrous bats.

Phormidas was at my feet; he inſtantly roſe, with a confuſed countenance, and the terrible Fairy, with a menacing and dreadful voice, pronounced theſe words:

Perfidious Phormidas, is it thus I am betrayed? I, who for thy ſake, deceive the moſt beautiful of all the Genii! And doſt thou prefer a mortal to me? No, Ingrate, it is impoſſible to impoſe upon me; but, if thou wouldeſt obtain pardon, give me up that Princeſs, whoſe life I promiſe to reſpect. Remember ſhe deteſts and I adore thee, and that I am capable of performing every thing to be revenged.

Phormidas, terrified, crouched to receive his former chains, and delivered me to the Fairy. Immediately the Car mounted above the clouds, and here, in leſs than three minutes, we arrived, where I endeavoured to ſoften the Fairy, threw myſelf

myſelf at her feet, and conjured her to reſtore me my Lover.

After a moment's ſilence the Fairy raiſed me. Princeſs, ſaid ſhe, I am not vindictive, but I am capricious; and if you will indulge me in a whim, which has juſt ſeized me, I ſhall readily forget what has paſſed. I am ridiculouſly fond of ſwinging; look, here is a ſwing, ſit down in it, that is all I aſk.

Though this idea appeared to me ſtrange, yet I I thought myſelf very happy to be ſo eaſily pardoned, and obeyed without heſitation; but ſcarcely had I ſeated myſelf in this fatal ſwing, when the Fairy, with a terrible voice, thus ſpoke.

I condemn thee to ſwing for thirty years, unleſs one of my Lovers ſhould ceaſe to admire me, and ſhould deceive me without diſcovering the deceit.

Inſtantly the ſwing of itſelf took ſo violent a motion that the ſhock made me faint. Zumio, the amiable Sylph whom you ſee with me, came to my aſſiſtance; when I recovered the uſe of my ſenſes, I yielded to the moſt violent deſpair; yet recollecting the laſt words of the Fairy, I felt hope revive a little; for, ſaid I, ſince ſhe has more than one Lover, ſhe muſt neceſſarily be often deceived.

Certainly,

Certainly, replied Zumio, ſhe would, did ſhe not poſſeſs a turquoiſe ring, which becomes as yellow as gold whenever one of her Lovers commits the leaſt infidelity, or his affection ceaſes for her. The Fairy conſtantly wears this ring in the day, and, fearing leſt it ſhould be ſtolen from her during ſleep, ſhe every night encloſes it in a brazen caſket, which ſhe locks up in a ſubterranean Grotto dug in her garden, the entrance to which is defended by twelve monſtrous Crocodiles, ſix Baſiliſks, and four Dragons, whoſe frightful jaws, reſembling the moſt fearful Volcanoes, vomit devouring flames, and ſend forth ſtones of fire.

As the Princeſs ended, the Sylph thus continued. Such, my Lord, are the perils that await you; but what glory would equal your's were you victorious! Know theſe enchanted gardens are full of the moſt beautiful Princeſſes in the univerſe, whom the jealous Fairy here detains, and has condemned to different pangs and puniſhments. Had the Fairy only robbed the world of her rivals, her barbarity would have been ſufficient; but ſhe has carried off every one who gave her the leaſt kind of umbrage; envious of wit, beauty, talents, and even virtue, it is enough to draw down her hatred that any one ſhould acquire eminence or become very ſucceſsful.

ful. As for me, continued Zumio, I am alſo one of her priſoners, though formerly her favourite Page: I carried her moſt ſecret Billets-Doux; unhappily for me ſhe ſuſpected my diſcretion, and has confined me in this melancholy place.

I interrupted Zumio; for Heaven's ſake, ſaid I, ſatisfy my curioſity, and tell me the name of this Monſter, this abominable Fairy.

Ah, my Lord! replied Zumio, you will be much ſurprized, for ſhe is as ſpecious as ſhe is wicked; and, when I had my liberty, I ſaw her company courted by the firſt among the Genii, who had the ſimplicity to believe, on her word, that ſhe poſſeſſed every virtue: In fine, Sir, the Fairy, by whom we are perſecuted, is Prudina.

I was petrified at the name; it was impoſſible for words to expreſs my ſurprize and indignation; fury ſoon ſucceeded a ſtate of ſtupor, and I exclaimed impetuouſly—Yes, I promiſe you ſwift vengeance, your cauſe is now mine. Princeſs adieu; farewel Zumio; two hours hence you are free.

I departed, and, by virtue of my Taliſman, was inſtantly at the entrance of the redoubted Cavern, which encloſed the ring of my perfidious Miſtreſs. I will not give you a detail of the combats I had to ſuſtain. I was animated by vengeance, wrath and hatred, and ſhould never have been triumphant,

phant, had I not been immortal and a Genius. I exterminated the Monſters, reduced the gates to powder, ſeized the caſket, and ſnatched the precious ring. I found it of a moſt beautiful citron colour, and put it on my finger, whence I promiſed it ſhould never part.

The garden inſtantly reſounded with a thouſand cries of joy; a thouſand repetitions echoed LIBERTY! LIBERTY! ALL THANKS TO THE GENIUS PHANOR! LIBERTY! LIBERTY!

I left the Cavern, and found the garden full of Ladies differently dreſt, and almoſt all young and handſome; they ran, they wept, they embraced each other, and again cried with all their force, LIBERTY! LIBERTY! ALL THANKS TO PHANOR! Day began to break, and I diſtinguiſhed, among the crowd, the beautiful Eliana, leaning on the arm of Zumio. She ſaw me, ran and caſt herſelf at my feet, and exclaimed, behold our Deliverer! Inſtantly was I ſurrounded by all her companions, ſome claſping my knees, others my hands and arms; ſome franticly kiſſing me, and one among the reſt lightly leapt upon my back, and, with a ſhrill and piercing voice, cried aloud, in my ear, Liberty! Liberty! This exclamation was repeated ſo conſtantly, and with ſuch inexpreſſible tranſports, that, notwithſtanding all my glory, I was half diſtracted with the noiſe, when

ſuddenly

ſuddenly the Sovereign of the Genii appeared, riding on a white Elephant; he impoſed ſilence on the clamorous aſſembly; then, turning to me, ſaid, Phanor, you are the arbiter of Prudina's deſtiny, do you pronounce ſentence upon her.

Sire, replied I, ſhe is unmaſked; I wiſh no greater vengeance, but deign to pity theſe unfortunate victims of her jealouſy; reſtore them to their Country and their Lovers, and command that each ſhall be tranſported to the ſpot the heart moſt wiſhes.

Scarcely had I ſpoken ere the Genius raiſed his Sceptre, and they all diſappeared; the Genius then, again addreſſing me, ſaid, I promiſed to reward you, and am ready to fulfil my engagement; think well before you aſk, and when you are determined come to my Palace.

After beſtowing this prudent advice upon me the Genius left me, and I was preparing to quit this fatal place for ever, which brought afflicting ideas to my mind, when I perceived Zumio behind a tree, converſing with one of the prettieſt little women I ever beheld. I was exceedingly ſurprized, and Zumio, approaching me, ſaid, you find me here ſtill, my Lord, becauſe I am determined to attach myſelf to you, and never leave you. As to this young beauty, ſhe will tell you her own ſtory, if you deſire to hear it.

Cer-

Certainly, cried I.

The amiable ſtranger ſmiled; I ſat myſelf down by her, and preſſed her to ſpeak to me confidently, and tell me why ſhe determined to remain in that garden.

All my companions, replied ſhe, have either Huſbands or Lovers, whom they ardently deſire to ſee once more. I admire their conſtancy, but have no wiſh to intimate it. Since, however, my Lord, you deſire a recital of my adventures, I ſhall willingly oblige you.

I have a lively imagination, great ſenſibility and exceſſive delicacy: it is eaſy to touch my heart, but difficult to fix it. At the beginning of an attachment, I ſee the beſt ſide of every thing, and make a God of my Lover; but, when chance and circumſtances raviſh the illuſion from me, I find I have loved only a chimera; and detach myſelf, or rather awaken from an agreeable dream, which vaniſhes before truth. The world has the injuſtice to call this effort of reaſon inconſtancy. I change not through caprice or laſſitude, but am deceived and undeceived.

About two years ſince, unhappily for me, I became the Rival of Prudina; a new attachment had occupied me for above three months; the Fairy took a fancy to my Lover, which coſt me my

liberty; ſhe carried me off, conducted me hither, and while, as ſhe held me by the hand, we croſſed this garden, I wept in the utmoſt deſpair. Be comforted, Agelia, ſaid ſhe, my revenge will not be cruel; you have ſomething amiable and deſirable about you, and, if you had not quite ſo much levity, would really be enchanting; therefore, as you intereſt me in ſpite of myſelf, I ſhall rather endeavour to correct than puniſh you.

This mockery of the Fairy did not deceive me. We continued walking, till at laſt the bowers, the trees, the garden, all diſappeared, and we found ourſelves in an immenſe Plain, bounded only by the Horizon. The view was much like that one has on board a ſhip at ſea; but the motion and noiſe of the waves, and the reflections of the ſun-beams on the ſurface of the water, give life to this picture. Whereas, on the plain where we were, there was nothing to interrupt the aſtoniſhing and perfect uniformity of the monotonous ſcene before us. The Plain contained neither tree, ſhrub, nor flower, but was wholly covered with a beautiful green graſs all of one ſpecies, without any other kind of herb. A profound calm, an eternal ſilence reigned in this vaſt ſolitude; where not a bird nor an inſect could be ſeen, and where the ſky was always of a perfect blue without a cloud.

The

The firſt aſpect of this immenſe heath, produced a moſt agreeable ſenſation; ſtruck with admiration, I ſtood motionleſs in a trance of rapture.

I am quite charmed, ſaid the Fairy, to find you are ſo pleaſed with the ſcene; it ought naturally to calm the too great ſuſceptibly of a warm imagination; but this effect can only be hoped from time and meditation. Wherefore I would have you remain here, where you will never find the leaſt change; the heavens will always be equally ſerene, never will they be obſcured by the leaſt cloud; you will have neither night nor morning, no inconſtancy of ſeaſons, but day will ever ſhine thus bright.

So ſaying, ſhe condemned me to walk with a ſteady and majeſtic ſtep, over this enchanted velvet Lawn for thirty years: at leaſt, ſaid ſhe, according to her uſual form, unleſs one of my Lovers ſhould ceaſe to admire me, and ſhould deceive me without my diſcovering the deceit.

She ſpoke and diſappeared, and I inſtantly found myſef obliged to walk exceedingly ſlow, without a poſſibility of turning to the right or the left, of haſtening or ſlackening my pace, or of ſtopping or ſitting down to reſt.

This obligation of walking always in a right line, and the ſame ſlow pace, ſeemed very painful at the firſt inſtant; but I was far from feeling all

the horror of my ſituation. I at firſt beheld this rich and immenſe carpet, encircled by a clear and dazzling azure horizon, with ecſtaſy. Is it poſſible that blue and green, the ſky and graſs, can yield ſo extraordinary, ſo magnificent a picture! But thus do grandeur and ſimplicity form the ſublime.

Such philoſophic reflections, the memory of my Lover, and the hope the Fairy might be deceived, without her diſcovering the deceit, made me ſupport my ſolitude with great patience for ſome hours; but my admiration of my vaſt priſon ſoon cooled; diſguſt ſucceeded enthuſiaſm; the majeſtic immenſity of eternal verdure, which had ſo much ſurpriſed me, became inſipid, monotonous, and tireſome, and I had nothing to divert my attention but an unfortunate paſſion.

Even the remembrance of this paſſion was inſenſibly effaced; my lifeleſs fancy loſt all ſtrength of colouring, my thoughts became vague, my reveries languid; all illuſions left me; Love fled my ſolitude, and I was alone in the vaſt and buſy world.

When reaſon diſſipates dangerous errors, victory brings eaſe, and one is happy, no doubt; but though it is glorious and flattering to vanquiſh one's paſſions, it is ſhocking to feel them quitting us, and annihilating themſelves, becauſe the

the fire of imagination becomes extinct, and the heart withers. Yet how void ſuch a horrid ſituation, or what paſſion could here long endure? It needed not be overcome by Reaſon, Time ſoon rendered it languid.

In this cruel ſtate, I mournfully trod my never-ending line. I wept no more, no longer had the power of afflicting myſelf; but I gaped, became ſpiritleſs, and ſunk beneath inſupportable laſſitude: the only real wiſh I felt was once again to ſee animated nature, trees, houſes, and mountains; the ſight of a cloud would have delighted me; a ſtorm, thunder, rain, would have given me unſpeakable joy. How much did I regret night, the moon, and ſtar-light; in fact, the leaſt change, of any kind whatever, would have been perfect happineſs; and I felt that the ingenuous and jealous Prudina, in condemning me to this ſtrange puniſhment, had found the moſt cruel method of chaſtiſing the inconſtancy with which ſhe reproached me.

Judge of my joy, my lord, continued Agelia, when, thanks to your valour, I found I had the power to run or ſtop, and that I was in the midſt of this garden; you ought to imagine, at preſent, wherefore I am here, and why I have not been impatient to join a Lover who has ceaſed to pleaſe me; and by whom, ere this, I am doubtleſs forgotten, having been eighteen months abſent;

ſhould he by chance remain faithful, I never could ſupport his complaints and reproaches; all countries, therefore, are to me indifferent, ſince I cannot return to my own; and, provided I neither ſee vaſt plains nor lawns, I do not care where I live.

When Agelia had thus ſpoken, I roſe, and deſcribing in the air a circle with my wand, changed the Palace and Gardens of Prudina into a magnificient Caſtle, ſituated on the ſummit of a mountain; we found ourſelves ſtanding on the terrace, whence we had the moſt charming and variegated view. Agelia ſeemed tranſported again to behold rocks, caſcades, precipices, ruins, hamlets, flocks, and the ocean; for I had united every thing which nature affords, of the pleaſing and the majeſtic, plains excepted. Agelia was in raptures; here reign, ſaid I; if my preſence is diſagreeable, ſpeak, Agelia, and, whatever it may coſt me, I am gone; your repoſe is dearer to me than my own happineſs.

Agelia, at firſt, replied to this kind of declaration with equal tenderneſs and embarraſſment; then taking a tone of pleaſantry, ſhe preſerved her gaiety for part of the day; and, towards evening, fell into a mild melancholy, which gave her new charms, and rendered her ſo lovely that my heart was gone paſt retrieving.

After ſupper, I led her to the terrace, where perceiving the ſky ſoon thick with ſtars, Agelia ſtopped,

ſtopped, and looked up at the heavens in ecſtaſy. Oh enchanting ſight! cried ſhe.

I inſtantly fell at her knees, and dared to deſcribe the ſenſations ſhe inſpired. She heard me without interruption; I ſaw ſhe was affected; ſaw her tears began to flow, and preſſed her toreply. After a moment's ſilence, Phanor, ſaid ſhe, drying her tears, I am not inſenſible of your favours, and eſpecially of your tenderneſs, but give me time to know your father, and examine my own heart.

So ſaying, ſhe left me. I conſulted my precious ring, my turquoiſe, and learnt, with tranſport, I was beloved. The next day, I conjured Agelia to give me a farther explanation. Really, ſaid ſhe, I am fearful both of deceiving you and myſelf.

No, charming Agelia, exclaimed I, falling at her feet, no, you love me; I cannot doubt my happineſs ——

I ſtopt, for I perceived Agelia thought my ſecurity exceedingly ridiculous; and, in fact, it had greatly the appearance of vanity. Agelia pouted, and treated me with reſerve, with diſdain. I repaired my imprudence, and pretended I had loſt all hope. Agelia became leſs rigorous, confeſſed, at laſt, a mutual paſſion, and deigned to fix the day, when Hymen ſhould join two hearts which had been ſo ſuddenly united by Love.

On the eve of this happy day, I was walking on the terrace with Agelia; her eyes were fixed on the ocean, which bathed the walls of the caſtle; ſhe ſeemed abſent, and I had remarked, with uneaſineſs, ſhe had appeared ſo for two days, and that ſhe was leſs tender than uſual; yet I could not ſuffer any great uneaſineſs, becauſe my ring preſerved it's uſual colour. After a moment's ſilence, Agelia ſaid, you ought, ſince every thing is poſſible to your art, to ſink theſe mountains, and make thoſe rocks vaniſh; for I find the landſcape is overcharged, and the eye has no relief; you have multiplied your caſcades too much; thoſe precipices terrify the imagination, and the noiſe of torrents and the roaring of the ſea gives us pain.

What then, Agelia, cried I, ſighing, have thoſe places ceaſed to pleaſe? Theſe ſcenes which you thought ſo charming? Well then, ſince ſuch is your will, they ſhall vaniſh, though to me they are dear; for here it was Agelia firſt promiſed to unite her deſtiny to mine.

Agelia made no reply, but gave me her hand with a look of tender paſſion: I kiſſed it with tranſport. At this inſtant, ſhe fixed her eyes upon my ring, and with a negligent and abſent air, drew it from my finger. This gave me ſome emotion;

emotion; but unwilling to excite her ſuſpicions, I durſt not oppoſe her wiſh to examine it nearer.

I cannot abide the turquoiſe, ſaid Agelia; though this a beautiful blue; but it's frightfully mounted; I declare it is quite horrid.

So ſaying, ſhe raiſed her arm, and without giving me time to prevent, or rather to foreſee her intention, threw this ineſtimable treaſure, this ring, the poſſeſſion of which was ſo precious, ſo dear to me, into the ſea.

The exceſs of my ſurprize rendered me motionleſs; Agelia beheld me with a miſchievous eye. At length I broke forth, overwhelmed her with reproaches; accuſed her of perfidy, and uttered, without ſcruple, every extravagance which anger the moſt violent could ſuggeſt. Agelia liſtened with great tranquillity. When I had ended, I confeſs, ſaid ſhe, the properties of that vile ring were not unknown to me; I have had ſome confuſed ſuſpicions for ſeveral days paſt, and have had the art to get the ſecret from Zumio.

Ah perfidious Zumio! cried I.

He has not wilfully betrayed you, replied Agelia; I perſuaded him I was in the ſecret; he has not wanted diſcretion; he has only been deceived by a woman; and this is a misfortune which neither human prudence nor magic itſelf could ever yet ſhield Philoſophers, nor the moſt

ſublime of the Genii, from ſometimes experiencing. As to any thing further, my lord, if it be on my account you regret ſo bitterly your turquoiſe, your grief is ill-founded, for, I aſſure you, I have not the leaſt wiſh to deceive you.

Wherefore, cruel woman, have you raviſhed this precious Taliſman from me, which would have prevented all doubts, and rendered aſſurances of fidelity ſuperfluous?

Yes, my Lord, I know the ring left me nothing to ſay; but I love to talk; and beſides, you muſt allow ſuch kind of ſecurity would not be very flattering to me. Can you ſay it would have been generous and delicate ſecretly to conſult this ring at every inſtant, to know if you ought to believe my proteſtations of affection? I have no Taliſman, and yet I believe you. If you aſk me what love is, I will tell you: at the moment when you obtained a confeſſion of my paſſion for you, you ſhould have taken this pretended treaſure, this odious ring, have caſt it from you, and ſaid, "The love and confidence "you inſpire, render *this* uſeleſs."

I liſtened and ſtood confounded; at laſt I fell on my knees, implored Agelia's indulgence, and my pardon.

Indulgence! cried ſhe, you know not it's value; did I not generouſly pardon you all the wrongs I have

have juſt repeated? When I threw your ring into the ſea, you ought to have recollected it had not changed it's colour: but the paſſion, the unworthy fury you have juſt been guilty of——

Hold, Agelia, you pierce me to the ſoul.

No, my lord, I will take no advantage of your preſent want of power to read my heart; my word is more certain than all the Taliſmans in the world; I love you no longer, nor ever ſhall love you more.

The coolneſs, the unconcern, with which Agelia pronounced theſe words, did not permit me to doubt the reality of my misfortune. I loved her paſſionately, and gave myſelf up to the moſt dreadful deſpair. I fell at her feet, bathed them with my tears; for pity's ſake, ſaid I, deign to leave me a little hope.

Hence you may learn, replied ſhe, whether you ought to regret your ring; truth is to you ſo painful you cannot ſupport it, and therefore conjure me to deceive you.——We ought, no doubt, to endeavour to free ourſelves from illuſions which are likely to injure us, but wherefore deſtroy thoſe which afford us conſolation?—Take my advice, my Lord, and never hereafter employ your art to form a Taliſman like that from which I have freed you; if you do, you will but prepare yourſelf new torments. Study men,

ſuſpect them in general, but believe implicitly in your miſtreſs and friend.

The Counſel was prudent, yet unfortunately for me I did not profit by it. Agelia was inflexible, nothing could regain her heart, and I, overwhelmed and deſpairing, retired to a ſolitude at a diſtance from her, where I paſſed ſeveral months totally occupied by my grief. Zumio followed me, and though he was the innocent cauſe of my misfortunes, his attachment, gaiety, and natural gentleneſs, made his ſociety agreeable; beſides he knew Agelia, and I could converſe with him of her.

Zumio had been a great traveller; his relations were pleaſant and graceful; and, in order to divert me, he told me every evening of the intereſting things he had ſeen in his travels. Among the reſt, he often ſpoke of a Princeſs named Arpaliſa, on whom he made ſuch pompous eulogiums that he excited my curioſity. I aſked him if ſhe was as handſome as Agelia?

Pſhaw! ſaid Zumio, had you ever ſeen the divine Arpaliſa, you never would have been in love with this little Agelia, who is agreeable enough I own, and does not want wit ſometimes; but, being in reality a wild, capricious, thoughtleſs thing, cannot be compared to the Princeſs I mention, who is a moſt accompliſhed model of all

all perfection; you would be dazzled with her beauty, and enchanted with the depth of her underſtanding, her virtues, talents, and the extent of her knowledge.——Such greatneſs of ſoul!——Such ſenſibility!——Oh! were you to hear her diſcourſe on friendſhip!

Zumio was exhauſtleſs on this ſubject, and his every-day-repeated praiſe, at length, inſpired me with a ſtrong deſire to ſee this miraculous Princeſs.

Notwithſtanding, however, all the prudent counſels of Agelia, I heartily regretted the loſs of my ring: I had a Favour to aſk of the Sovereign of the Genii, and after much incertitude and many reflections I went to him, and conjured him to build me a Palace, in which, by a Charm, every one who entered it, ſhould be obliged to declare their ſecret thoughts whenever they ſpoke. I aſked likewiſe, in quality of the poſſeſſor of the Palace, to be the only one exempt from that general law: for, ſaid I, a Lover ought to be diſcreet, and I would not willingly expoſe myſelf to the leaſt impropriety of this kind. Let me, implored I, in this Palace, behold objects as they are; let me hear ſincerity; let thoſe who ſpeak expreſs their real ſentiments; and let thoſe who wiſh to deceive not be conſcious that they ſaid the very contrary of what they meant to ſay;

ſay; let them not hear themſelves, but let them reſt perſuaded, they really ſpeak the flattering words by which they mean to impoſe on their hearers; for without this double Charm each would be ſilent, and I ſhould never hear any thing but interrupted phraſes.

The Genius ſighed; imprudent Phanor, ſaid he, what is it you aſk?—But my oath is ſacred; return to your own territories, and, inſtead of the Palace you have hitherto occupied, you will have the one you have had the folly to deſire. Here is a Box, continued he, which will preſerve you from the laws of this dangerous Palace; while you keep it, you will ſay nothing but what you intend to ſay; or if you wiſh to lend it to any other, it will have the ſame effect on them; but I can only make one of the kind, it is impoſſible I ſhould give you another Taliſman of that effect.

I received the Box from the Sovereign of the Genius; and, after teſtifying my gratitude, departed immediately for my new habitation.

Here I found a Palace, the aſpect of which dazzled and delighted me; it is formed of a ſubſtance which has all the brightneſs, duration, and tranſparency of the more pure and brill ant diamond; the architecture is at once both light and majeſtic; the ornaments are enriched by rubies, pearls, and opals; and on the golden doors of this magnificent edifice

edifice this inſcription, THE PALACE OF TRUTH, was then to be ſeen.

As I entered, I touched the gates with my wand, and pronounced theſe words; "Let whoever here-"after enters this Palace remain here three "months; and I ſwear by my Art, an irrevoca-"ble oath, never to aboliſh this Law."

I then opened the gates of my Palace, and ordered admiſſion to be given to whoever pleaſed to come and remain in it.

From the very firſt day I found how dangerous a habitation was the Palace of Truth. I queſtioned my ſlaves, and they being obliged to anſwer with perfect ſincerity, I conceived ſo much indignation and contempt for them that I turned them all away; and, I muſt confeſs, I have not ſince found any more faithful, or more attached to me. I alſo loſt much of my friendſhip for Zumio; I ſaw him as he was, and found he was equally deficient in taſte and underſtanding; he often indulged himſelf in quibbles, and a play of words, which no longer amuſed me, and which I was aſtoniſhed to think had ever given me pleaſure. I diſcovered a thouſand little defects in him which I had never remarked before, and found, beſides, he was extremely impertinent; he contradicted me continually, was ſeldom

dom of my opinion, and ſpoke with a freedom and unpoliteneſs that were equally revolting.

As he ſtill ſaid, however, he had a friendſhip for me, I did not come to an abſolute rupture with him; but I ſcolded or ſnapped at him continually, and he inſolently replied my pride was inſupportable. I commanded him to be ſilent; he would ſhrug his ſhoulders, mock me, alternately ſhew anger or vexation; and thus we paſſed our time, either ſullenly, or wrangling with each other.

Quite tired of this tête-à-tête, I continually hoped ſome travellers, invited by the brilliant aſpect of my Palace, would wiſh to enter: but paſſengers contented themſelves with admiring it; they approached it eagerly, but as ſoon as they read the inſcription, as eagerly left it, and purſued their way.

One day, as I ſtood with Zumio on a balcony, we ſaw a magnificent Chariot at a diſtance, driving towards the Palace. I knew by my Art this Chariot belonged to a King, accompanied with ſeven or eight Courtiers. As it approached, Zumio ſaid, at laſt I hope we ſhall have a viſitor, for which I ſhall be very glad, for I have been moſt dreadfully dull ever ſince ſince I have been here.

As Zumio ſpoke, the Chariot advanced to the gates; the King read the inſcription, and his firſt move-

movement was to enter; but the Courtiers grew pale, ſhuddered, and detained him. The King perſiſted for ſome time; at laſt he ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, and withdrew; the Courtiers once more recovered their breath, turned the Chariot precipitately away, and ſoon were out of ſight.

So they are gone, cried Zumio, with chagrin; but, while you will perſiſt to leave that curſed inſcription over the gate, we ſhall never ſee a ſoul. You are ſo wilful!—I really never met with a Genius ſo obſtinate and ſtupid.

Your inſolence is beyond all bounds, Zumio.

Oh! what you want truth and compliments both at once; your folly is really incomprehenſible, and at ſome moments you are as inconſiſtent and fooliſh as you are proud.

Shocked at his exceſſive impertinence, I was going to drive him from me, when I perceived a figure that fixed my whole attention. A venerable old man, with a majeſtic preſence that inſpired reſpect, and a mild placidity in his countenance, which intereſted the heart in ſpite of itſelf, approached with a book in his hand, reading and walking ſlowly.

When he came oppoſite the Palace gates, he lifted up his eyes, and read the inſcription. Oh thou, ſaid he, whom for theſe forty years I have

ſought!

ſought! Oh, celeſtial Truth! am I then in my latter days permitted to ſee unclouded, and as thou art?

So ſaying, the old man entered the Palace.

So here is one at laſt, ſaid Zumio, and inſtantly left me, to go and meet the ſtranger. I followed my little hair-brained Sylph, and we ſoon met the old man. Zumio flew; come in, come, good man, ſaid he, you are very welcome, eſpecially if you can rid us of our horrid dulneſs. You are old, have been in various ſcenes of life, and can tell us a good many ſtories: but firſt, pray what is your name?

Gelanor, replied the old man, in my youth I lived among men; I have been a great traveller; and for theſe laſt twenty years have devoted my days to ſolitude.

Ah! I perceive, interrupted Zumio, you are a Philoſopher; we ſhall not be much the merrier for you.—Nor will you find much entertainment here, for Philoſophers are curious; you, no doubt, imagine you may ſtudy mankind in this place, but that is your miſtake; you will find nobody here but this Genius, my Maſter, and me; and he as you may perceive, is not very communicative; beſides, there is nothing original in his character. As for me, it is true, I have a deal of wit,

wit, many virtues and accompliſhments, and it will take you ſome time to know me.

I know you better at preſent, replied Gelanor, ſmiling, than you ſeem to know yourſelf.

I now ſpoke in turn, and aſked him what was his opinion of himſelf?

I am good, ſaid he, but imperfect; yet cannot conceive, after having led a life of reflection, and of endeavours to know my own heart, how I can ſtill have ſo many defects and foibles. This idea, however, is ſo often preſent to my mind, that it preſerves me from pride, and makes me indulgent. My public and private actions are irreproachable; but I often experience interior ſenſations which are humiliating; and, were I to render an exact and circumſtantial account of all the ideas which preſent themſelves to my imagination, I am afraid I ſhould not be found much wiſer than others.

When he had ſaid thus, I approached Gelanor, and embraced him with moſt reſpectful affection. Oh, my father! ſaid I, I cannot expreſs my admiration; you are a true Philoſopher, and I ſhall ever honour, ſhall eternally reſpect all thoſe who reſemble you.

Some days after this converſation I determined to obliterate the inſcription from the gates of my Palace. I then quitted Gelanor and Zumio, and, without telling them my project, guided by that

that curioſity which Zumio had inſpired, departed for the kingdom of the Princeſs Arpaliſa. Fearing Zumio's indiſcretion, I would neither take him with me, nor impart my deſign.

I ſoon came to this celebrated Princeſs, who would not receive me till evening; and I was then introduced into a ſuperb ſaloon, lighted in a moſt agreeable manner; the wax lights were all within cryſtal, covered with white gauze, or ſet it vaſes of alabaſter; which artifice produced a ſoftneſs, ſomewhat like clear moon light. The Princeſs was ſeated on a Throne of gold, over which was a pavillion, decorated with drapery of ſilver gauze; garlands of roſes formed elegant feſtoons, and crowns was ſuſpended over her head.

Arpaliſa was clothed in magnificent robes, garniſhed with precious ſtones. Her appearance was dazzling, and her beauty ſeemed to me regular and majeſtic; though ſhe was not very young, I admired her ſhape, her noble air, the ſurpriſing fairneſs of her complexion, and was charmed with her converſation.

The next day my admiration was more increaſed, when, by the orders of the Princeſs, I was conducted into a gallery full of paintings, and informed they were all the performances of Arpaliſa: they were on the moſt intereſting ſubjects; Temples to Friendſhip, Sacrifices to Friendſhip,

Friend-

Friendſhip triumphing over Love, Time crowning and embelliſhing Friendſhip: or Altars to Benevolence, Benevolence enlightened by Virtue, Compaſſion exciting Benevolence, &c. &c. In fine, it was not poſſible to leave this Gallery, without a full perſuaſion that Arpaliſa was the moſt gentle and virtuous Princeſs in the univerſe.

From thence I was led to the Laboratory, and, returning, my Conductor told me, in confidence, that the Princeſs employed her time, with equal advantage, in Aſtronomy and Mathematics. As I had a particular love for thoſe ſciences, I was enchanted at the diſcovery: though the high opinion I had before conceived of the Princeſs was almoſt incapable of increaſe.

There was a concert in the evening, and a Symphony of Arpaliſa's compoſition was performed. The Princeſs then ſat down to the harpſichord, and ſang; her voice did not appear very remarkable, but, in fact, it was almoſt entirely drowned by the accompanyments: but an excellent Muſician, who ſat by my ſide, aſſured me, ſhe ſung in a ſuperior ſtyle; and I found he had reaſon to ſay ſo, for every body was in raptures.

After ſupper, they made extempore Poetry and Enigmas, which gave the Princeſs an opportunity of ſhewing her wit. I could not recover from my amazement; what I heard was incre-

incredible, and I found it would not be poſſible long to preſerve my liberty in the preſence of ſo accompliſhed a Princeſs.

Every body retired at midnight, and I remained alone with Arpaliſa, and her boſom friend Telira. The two friends were reclined on a couch, and tenderly folded in each others arms; the picture was delightful; I contemplated it in ſilence, and liſtened while they ſaid every thing the ſublimeſt friendſhip could dictate. Arpaliſa gave me ſo lively, and ſo affecting, an impreſſion of her love for Telira that I was moved even to tears.

I could not forbear to teſtify, in part, the admiration ſhe inſpired; I praiſed her talents, her knowledge, and introduced the ſubjects of Aſtronomy and Mathematics; but Arpaliſa, with a tone of the utmoſt modeſty, ſtopt me, by ſaying, I am exceedingly vexed, my lord, you have been perſuaded I employ my leiſure on ſubjects ſo little proper for a woman; and, were it true I had a taſte for ſuch ſciences, I would make it a law with myſelf never to own it. Pedantry and affectation are utter ſtrangers to my heart—And my pretenſions really are very few.

This uncommon modeſty finiſhed her conqueſt. I was in tranſports, and returned to my chamber only to think of Arpaliſa. I paſſed a part of the

night in writing to her, and making verſes upon her. I invented the moſt ingenious and brilliant feaſts; ſhe ſeemed ſenſible of my attentions; I declared my paſſion, and ſhe owned that, my power and rank out of the queſtion, ſhe partook my paſſion: but by an inſurmountable delicacy, ſhe never could reſolve to marry a Genius; for, after a while, added ſhe, you might attribute that to ambition which was the pure effect of love. Oh, that you had been born leſs illuſtrious!

Such ſentiments enchanted, yet drove me to deſpair.

At other moments, Arpaliſa would vaunt the mild content of her preſent ſituation. I have no ambition, ſaid ſhe; Friendſhip is the charm of my life, Love I have never known, and dread to know; for I have a heart too fond, a ſenſibility too delicate. I am happy and peaceable, and muſt not flatter you; I cannot reſolve to ſacrifice ſuch pure and perfect content. No, my lord; incapable of feigning, incapable of the leaſt coquetry, I would not give you deceitful hopes. Quit this Palace, fly me, for your own repoſe—and for mine.

Love, at laſt, however, was triumphant, and Arpaliſa conſented to give me her hand.

Prudina had rendered me ſo ſuſpicious, I was determined not to wed even the divine Arpaliſa, till

till I had firſt heard her in the Palace or Truth. I doubted not her ſincerity, yet it was impoſſible I could ſacrifice to her the Proof of my Palace. I told her I could wed only in my own territories, but took care not to mention a word of the charm. She conſented to accompany me, and only required Telira ſhould go with her; for, ſaid ſhe, I could not endure ſeparation from ſo dear a friend. We departed, and ſoon found ourſelves in the avenues to my Palace.

The aſpect of this redoubted place gave me the moſt lively emotions. I am going, ſaid I, to diſcover the true ſtate of the heart of her I love; if ſhe be ſuch as I imagine, how much ſhall I reproach myſelf, for having thought the proof of this Palace neceſſary; and if ſhe be not, what an angelic illuſion ſhall I loſe!

At laſt we entered the Palace, and I caſt a trembling eye on my Princeſs; but what was my ſurpriſe, when I diſcovered the celeſtial, the ſeraphic Arpaliſa, was forty-eight years old; was loaded with paint, had pencilled eye-brows, falſe hair, and a made-up form; in fine, that ſhe was bald, red haired, old, and crooked.

Zumio, who had come to meet me, did not know her in the Palace of Truth; and burſt out a laughing, as ſoon as he beheld a figure ſo ridiculous, leaning familiarly and triumphantly on my arm.

arm. I was ſo much diſconcerted that I haſtily quitted the Princeſs, without troubling myſelf about what ſhe might think of my behaviour.

Zumio followed me; I give you joy of your good fortune, my lord, ſaid he; you have, indeed, found out a moſt rare beauty. I really wonder how you could make ſuch a conqueſt; your choice, however, proves how ſubſtantial your taſte is, and you never need fear a rival, or the torments of jealouſy.

A ſingle word deprived Zumio of all his pleaſantry; I only named Arpaliſa, and he ſtood confounded and aghaſt.

After a moment's ſilence, my lord, ſaid he, I eaſily conceive your chagrin and diſguſt; but, though the beauty of this Princeſs be borrowed, though her complexion, ſhape, and flowing hair, are all artificial, I yet flatter myſelf we have not been deceived in her ſoul, her underſtanding, and talents; and, as ſhe has ſaid ſhe loves you, I am perſuaded you will find ſhe ſpoke truth.

If ſo, ſaid I, Zumio, if I have had the misfortune to make ſuch a woman love me, what will become of me? My only conſolation, my only hope, is to find her perfidious.

An attendant now came to tell me the Princeſs was inquiring for me, and decorum obliged me to go.

I found her alone in a chamber, and extended on a couch; ſhe had a handkerchief and a ſmelling bottle, and as ſoon as ſhe perceived me, began to make the moſt ſtrange contorſions.

What ails you, madam? ſaid I: are you not well?

She made no reply, but continued her contorſions, and I repeated my queſtion. She then caſt a languiſhing look at me, and ſaid, I am pretending to be in a fit.

I ſee you are, replied I.

Well, and are you not affected?

How can I avoid it? But why are you in a fit?

Becauſe you left me ſo coldly when I entered the Palace; and I want to perſuade you my ſenſibility is exceſſive, and that I paſſionately love you.

And do you really love me?

I! not the leaſt in the world. I love nothing.

Here the Princeſs, thinking ſhe had ſpoken the moſt tender things poſſible, pretended to weep and dry her eyes, and I recovered. Freed from all inquietude, I now thought proper to prolong a converſation which diverted me; and, taking Arpaliſa by the hand, You quite melt me, ſaid I; who can be inſenſible to ſo many charms, and ſo much love?——But how your hand ſhakes!

Yes, ſaid ſhe, I do that on purpoſe, to make you believe I have little convulſive motions.

But

But it muſt be very fatiguing.

Not in the leaſt, habit has made me expert.—But you ſhall preſently ſee ſomething more; I have not played half my tricks, yet; before we have done you ſhall ſee me faint.

Pray tell me what is become of Telira.

Oh, we have quarrelled.

What already?

Yes, and I mean to perſuade you that Telira is, in part, the cauſe of the ſituation in which you now ſee me.

Why, what has paſſed between you?

Oh! you never heard ſuch inſolence; ſhe told me I was deceitful, vain, envious, inſenſible; that my pride was unmeaſured, my ambition inſatiable. I replied, I had never really loved her; that it was all affectation, and that, had ſhe been handſomer, and more amiable, ſhe would have given me offence; that I had not the leaſt regard for her, nor would make the leaſt ſacrifice to ſerve her.

It is inconceivable that this ſhould vex her.

Oh! ſhe left the room in a fury.

Did you ever repoſe confidence in her?

I never had confidence in any perſon. I deſire no friends but dupes and ſlaves; not but I have often confided my ſecrets, but then it was merely through vanity; and I always diſguiſed or altered

facts, and added circumſtances, for lies coſt me nothing when they would give me conſequence.

You are quite adorable, and ſo benevolent!

Yes, I love pomp and ſhew exceſſively.

When we are united, you ſhall diſpoſe of all my treaſures. How many wretches will you relieve with my wealth!

Oh! I will certainly keep it all myſelf.

Divine Arpaliſa, how you enchant me! What an aſtoniſhing union of Virtue, Wit, and Knowledge; for it is in vain you would deny you are as learned as beautiful; your Courtiers told me all; they aſſured me, the evening before we departed, there was not in the whole nation ſo profound a Mathematician as yourſelf.

They are paid to ſay ſo, and are diſgraced if they do not. I am exceedingly ignorant, though I wiſh to be thought otherwiſe.

How modeſt!——And then your Paintings—

Are every one done by Zolphir.

And the charming Symphonies——

Are all compoſed by Geraſtus.

You are really unique in this world.

It is certain no perſon ever had more art, or carried diſſimulation farther; for I have impoſed upon the moſt knowing and clear-ſighted people.

Arpaliſa, in pronouncing this phraſe, certainly intended a moſt modeſt anſwer; for ſhe took ſo humble

humble an air, with down caſt eyes, and made ſuch comic and ridiculous grimaces, that I could with difficulty reſtrain myſelf from laughter. Her tone of voice, and the faces ſhe made, agreed ſo ill with what ſhe uttered, and formed a contraſt ſo ſingular and pleaſant, that I found it impoſſible to ſuſtain the converſation any longer. I roſe to leave her; ſhe called me with a feeble voice, telling me, at the ſame time, ſhe was going to cloſe her eyes, faint, and fall into dreadful convulſions. I got away, and went to relate my adventure to the Sylph and the Philoſopher.

You pretend, ſaid I, to Gelanor, this Palace can only give me pain, and that it can never be of uſe to me while I am attached to the world; that, in a word, it is only fit for one who is already undeceived by reaſon and freed from the power of the paſſions; but do you not now ſee its uſe? For, had not I brought Arpaliſa hither, I ſhould have married a woman at once old, ugly, deceitful, ambitious, and wicked.

But, my Lord, replied Gelanor, you might, without ſetting foot in this Palace, have eaſily ſeen this woman, nearly as ſhe is, had you been leſs ſubject to take things on truſt, and had you leſs vanity. Learn to ſee with your own eyes, to judge from facts, and not from the opinions of others; do not ſo eaſily believe it is impoſſible,

when you think proper to act the Lover, you ſhould not be beloved; and I may aſſure you, that you will in no part of the world become the dupe of ſuch women as Arpaliſa.

Do you think it no advantage, ſaid I, a little touched, to hear a Philoſopher ſpeak to me with ſo much freedom.

When you do not reject truth, replied Gelanor, ſhe will always approach you; ſhe is not ſhut up within theſe Palace walls, but is omnipreſent upon earth, and is ſeen more or leſs diſguiſed, according to the weakneſs, pride, or ſincerity with which ſhe is ſought; mortal eyes could not ſupport her preſence in every incident of life, and thus it is ſhe is ſeen in this Palace, where ſhe deſtroys all ſweet and innocent illuſions, as well as dangerous errors; ſhe here wears ſo ſavage a form, ſo pitileſs, ſo hard, ſo rude, that ſhe wounds and diſguſts even when ſhe might be uſeful.

Theſe reflections did not make me change my opinion; experience only could render me wiſe.

I queſtioned Zumio what had paſſed in the Palace during my abſence. Ever ſince your inſcription has been erazed, anſwered Zumio, we have had plenty of viſitors; and the crowd is now great; the company is numerous, but the bands of ſociety are broken; diſputes, endleſs quarrels, and

and groſs rudeneſs are continually heard. Politeneſs is abſolutely baniſhed, they rail at each other without art or indulgence; they cannot calumniate, but the moſt biting rancour makes them amends; they hate openly, exclaim, ſcold, and continue an eternal uproar, of which you can form no idea.

And how do the women behave?

More ridiculous, in general, than the men; the ſlighteſt ſubjects engender mortal hatred, and they diſcover falſeſhood ſo meditated, and artifices often ſo puerile, as ſcarcely to be credited. One tells us ſhe hopes we ſhall believe the ſight of a Spider makes her ill; another, that ſhe is going to make us imagine ſhe ſhall fall into hyſterics at the ſight of a Cat; and even when they have no particular views to anſwer, ſome will practiſe deceit, for ſo they think they do, merely for amuſement: but, continued Zumio, coquets are moſt of all diſguſting, for they diſcover ſo much effrontery, ſentiments ſo perverſe, tricks ſo abſurd, ſo——

What, interrupted I, has not one virtuous woman entered the Palace?

Pardon me, my Lord, there is one.

Zumio ſtopt, and ſeemed embarraſſed. What is the matter, Zumio, ſaid I, what ails you? Speak, I inſiſt upon it.

I am in love, and am mortally afraid you ſhould become my Rival.

And would you not ſacrifice your Love to me?

No, indeed.

No! You, who have aſſured me there is no ſacrifice you would not make to ſecure my happineſs!

I exaggerated greatly. I am much attached to you, but I ſhould not heſitate to deceive you for Roſamond.

The confeſſion is expreſſive and paſſionate—— And Roſamond is very charming.

There is not her equal in the univerſe; her heart is honeſt and unpolluted, and deſerving the love of a Sylph.

And you love her?

The purity of her ſentiments pleaſes me, and ſhe has told me ſhe has an inclination for me.

If you are beloved, what have you to fear? For, ſhould ambition ſeduce her, ſhe will be obliged to ſpeak truth, and cannot, therefore, perſuade me I have the preference.

Oh! I am certain of your heart; I am only fearful ſhe ſhould turn your head, and that you then might trouble our repoſe.

Oh! fear nothing, Zumio, I am no tyrant; beſides, I do not wiſh to become your Rival; and I proteſt I can converſe without trouble or danger, however

however charming ſhe may be, ſo long as you ſhall have her affections.

Since you are reſolved to ſee her, let me go firſt and ſpeak to her.

Why ſo?

Becauſe——

Nay, anſwer.

Becauſe I wiſh to prejudice her againſt you, by telling her your faults.

You are very obliging, but I will not give you that trouble; tell me, only, if ſhe knows the effect of the Palace.

Undoubtedly; ſhe has been here theſe ſix weeks, and it is ſcarcely poſſible to live in it two days, without finding that out.

Followed by the ſorrowful and jealous Zumio, I went to find Roſamond, but met Arpaliſa. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, my Lord, cried ſhe, what kind of a place is this you have brought me to? What ſtrange people are aſſembled in this Palace? I went into the Saloon, for a moment, and there I found the very worſt kind of company; women ſo ſtupid, men ſo coxcomical.—Such rudeneſs! ——I never beheld ſuch manners; if you knew the inſolence I have been offered——I was in deſpair to ſee every one admiring a young Lady they call Roſamond. I endeavoured to diſſemble my vexation, but could not; and ſo I called

aloud, Gentlemen, come here, look at me, think of me, pay your addreſſes to me, and leave that young beauty, whom I deteſt, ſince ſhe pleaſes and attracts all the men.

No ſooner had I addreſſed them thus than they all burſt out a laughing, and hooted, and mocked, as if I had ſaid the moſt ridiculous thing in the world; I then told them I was the Queen of the Palace, and that to-morrow I ſhould be your Bride; on which their hue and cry began again, and they were inſolent enough to call me old mad woman. ——Give me vengeance, my Lord, and drive this Roſamond from the Palace.

Then ſhe has particularly offended you?

She is the only one who offered me no inſult, but my hatred is not the leſs ſtrong; ſhe obtained new praiſes for her mildneſs and modeſty, and beſides ſhe is ſo beautiful.—I have endeavoured to defame her as much as poſſible before you; therefore, tell me, my Lord, whether what I have ſaid to you has made any impreſſion upon you.

A very ſtrong one, I aſſure you; and I will go and ſeek Roſamond, immediately, to tell her what I think of your juſtice and moderation.

Go not near her, my Lord, ſhe will ſeduce you.

Pray be calm. Zumio, conduct the Princeſs to her apartment.

So

So ſaying, I waited not for an anſwer, but flew to find Roſamond, who was, in fact, what love and envy had painted her; her beauty was angelic, and her modeſty and underſtanding wonderful. I looked, liſtened, and envied the happineſs of Zumio; but as, thanks to the Box which the King of the Genii had given me, I could diſſemble my thoughts, I did not inform Roſamond of the ſtrong impreſſion ſhe made upon my heart; I contented myſelf with only reading her's; ſhe told me ſhe was neither coquetiſh not inconſtant; that Zumio was the firſt object ſhe had loved; that ſhe had not any violent paſſion for him at preſent, but that ſhe felt her love would ſoon equal Zumio's.

I quitted Roſamond, enchanted by her beauty, wit, and character. In the evening I was out of temper, and eſpecially with Zumio; he complained; I became more vexed, and drove him from my preſence, but called him back, a moment after, not to do him juſtice, but to prevent his being with Roſamond; I felt my own tyranny, which Love would not of itſelf have produced; but Zumio aggravated me, by the rudeneſs and ſeverity of his expreſſions and reproaches.

The Sage Gelanor in vain endeavoured to make peace between us; alas, ſaid he, were you not in this Palace, and otherwiſe in the ſame

ſituation, Zumio would diſguiſe his injurious fears and exceſſive reſentment, and appear mild and moderate, and you would then be equitable and generous. Remember, my Lord, he is forced to ſpeak what he thinks; remember he is under the dominion of love and anger, and that to-morrow he will not think as he does to day.

Do you not ſee, exclaimed Zumio, that Phanor only wants a pretext to baniſh me the Palace, that he may drive me from Roſamond; for do not ſuppoſe that he, like us, is obliged to ſpeak what he thinks; his art preſerves him from any ſuch neceſſity: he will not own it, becauſe he is naturally ſuſpicious; but I have found him out in more than twenty falſehood: thus while he reads our ſecrets, in ſpite of ourſelves, his own are locked up. What cowardice! What unworthy meanneſs!

This reproach, which I but too much merited, drove me ſo furious that, had it not been for Gelanor, I ſhould certainly have committed ſome fatal crime. Stop, madam, cried the Philoſopher, ſtop, complete not you diſhonour by avenging yourſelf on a defenceleſs Rival.

The authoritative voice of virtue brought me to myſelf; but Gelanor could not convince me of my error without vexing me; I left him, haſtily, and went and ſhut myſelf in my own apartment, that I might

might indulge, without conſtraint, why chagrin and ill-humour.

I became gloomy, impatient, moroſe, fled ſociety, wandered mournfully in my Palace, and ſought for Roſamond, againſt my will; ſhe avoided me, when I endeavoured to approach her; I ſaw ſo much perplexity and diſdain in her countenance that I durſt not ſpeak.

I found her, one evening, alone in the garden, ſitting in a Bower, plunged in a deep revery. I advanced, and, perceiving ſhe had been weeping, I aſked her the cauſe of her inquietude? She ſighed; Zumio, replied ſhe, has juſt left me; I ſaw he was diſſatisfied with me, and that afflicts me.

Diſſatisfied! ſaid I, with extreme pleaſure, why?

Roſamond made me no anſwer, except by a look of indignation. In vain did I preſs and queſtion her; ſhe was obſtinately ſilent; hope entered my heart; Zumio was diſſatisfied, Roſamond durſt not ſpeak; I imagined ſhe read my heart and was affected; all my reſolutions, all the obligations I had to Zumio's attachment were forgotten. I fell at her feet, and declared my love in the moſt paſſionate terms. I could obtain no anſwer, but neither could I obſerve the colouring of anger on the beauteous cheeks of Roſamond; on the contrary,

trary, I thought her eyes ſpoke ſatisfaction. I again ſolicited an anſwer, with freſh ardour; Roſamond, ſtill mute, made a motion as if to riſe and fly me. I, fearing to diſpleaſe, would not conſtrain, and, therefore, left her.

Full of hope, or, rather, not doubting my happineſs, I ſought for ſolitude to think on Roſamond. I had walked thus two hours when Zumio ſuddenly appeared, animated by the moſt violent rage. So, perfidious Spirit, cried he, you have ſeduced Roſamond. I have obſerved, for ſome days paſt, her ſilence and thoughtfulneſs, and, at laſt, the die is caſt; ſhe has declared ſhe loves me no longer, but that ſhe adores you.

Zumio! What is it you tell me! Deareſt Zumio! I am ſorry for you.——But oh! be generous enough to ſacrifice your Love.

I am obliged to ſacrifice it, but, at the ſame time, my friendſhip for you is gone.

Nay, Zumio——

You merit not a friend; nor will I ever forget or forgive treachery ſo black.

I have not been guilty of treachery, Zumio, for you never confided in me. You ſuſpected me before I thought of Roſamond; had it not been for your unjuſt jealouſy, your injurious reproaches and paſſions, Phanor had never been your Rival; but you inſulted, vexed, aggravated, and ſo highly offended

offended me that, for a moment, I forgot our friendſhip, I have been weak, but not perfidious; beſides, in robbing you of Roſamond's heart, I have broken no ſacred engagements; ſhe had not promiſed to give you her hand. Hope was all ſhe had granted. Triumph, then, dear Zumio, over your reſentment, and make not my wrongs greater than they are. Roſamond is changed, forget her, and do not interrupt my happineſs by complaints which ſo much afflict me.

Having thus ſpoken, I approached Zumio to embrace him; but he repelled me with deteſtation. *I abhor you*, ſaid he, and immediately diſappeared.

My ſurprize was extreme; I was happy, I excuſed his anger, and without troubling myſelf more about it, flew to find Roſamond. She received me, at firſt, with great perplexity; but how great, how exceſſive was my joy, when ſhe bluſhing owned ſhe loved me, and me only; that ſhe had never felt for Zumio more than an emotion of preference, but that ſhe had a real paſſion for me.

What, cried I, do you love me for myſelf? Are you certain ambition has no——

How could you dare think it, interrupted Roſamond; baniſh ſuch ſuſpicions, my Lord, they are inſults. I never had other ambition than that

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that of pleaſing you; and, if you had no Palace but a cottage to offer me, I ſhould prefer you to all the Kings and Genii of the univerſe.

Imagine the tranſports I muſt receive at hearing an anſwer like this, in the Palace of Truth. How much did I congratulate myſelf on the poſſeſſion of this Palace, which procured me happineſs ſo pure! for, ſaid I, could I have perſuaded myſelf any where elſe, there was nothing exaggerated in ſuch a reply?

I tore myſelf from Roſamond, only to give orders for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated on the morrow. The news ſoon reſounded through the Palace. As for Arpaliſa, ſhe had known the Charm above a fortnight, and had ſhut herſelf up in her apartment, there to hide from all eyes her fury and her ſhame; and there to wait, as ſhe did, with inexpreſſible impatience, the expiration of the three months which ſhe was obliged to remain in this enchanted Palace. Zumio, become my enemy, was with her; for my own part, being totally occupied about Roſomand, I was neither in a ſituation to repent a wrong, nor feel the misfortune of being juſtly hated.

How long did the night appear! The torch of Hymen was not to burn for me till day, and then I was to wed the moſt beautiful and lovely lady upon

upon earth. Certain of her virtue, the goodneſs of her diſpoſition, the purity of her mind; ſure of being paſſionately beloved, I again found that bliſs which, for a moment, Angelia taught me to taſte. Roſamond, leſs lively, leſs poignant than Agelia, had neither her caprices nor ſingularities, but ſeemed to promiſe more ſolid and laſting happineſs.

No ſooner were the firſt rays of Aurora ſeen than I, unable to reſtrain my impatience, roſe and flew to Roſamond's apartment. I took a baſket garniſhed with flowers and precious ſtones, into which I put a billet which I was deſirous ſhe ſhould receive when ſhe awaked; and I entered her chamber, without either being ſeen or heard; Roſamond was aſleep; and, after having placed the baſket at her feet, I ſtopt a moment to conſider her beauties.

I was about to retire, when chance directed my eyes to a table which ſtood by her bed-ſide; but what was my ſtupefaction, when I beheld, upon that table, the Box, the Taliſman, which the Sovereign of the Genii had given me, to preſerve me from the magic of the Palace of Truth.

I thought myſelf deceived, at firſt, by an accidental reſemblance, for, ſearching in my pocket, I there found a box; I again recovered my breath, took confidence, examined carefully, and ſuppoſed that

that I found in my pocket was the true one. Taking up the other, however, which lay on the table, for farther conviction, I could no longer doubt my misfortune. I perfectly saw, by comparing them together, that Rosamond's was the Talisman, and that the other was only an imitation.

Confounded and despairing, I could form no probable conjecture concerning this adventure, but took the Talisman, put the counterfeit on the table, again snatched up my basket, in order to evade suspicion, and silently retired.

I will not attempt to describe my rage and grief. I knew not how or when Rosamond had procured my Talisman, but it was evident there was treachery at the bottom. So then! cried I, all the power of magic is unable to cope with the perfidy of women; even here, in this Palace, women can find means to deceive.

As soon as Rosamond was up, I went to her; my agitation was extreme; struck with the alteration she saw in my countenance, she asked me the occasion of it with anxiety.

I have made some melancholy reflections, said I; and am obliged to own I am jealous of Zumio.

You are unjust, then, and do me wrong.

These few words transported me, and had almost

almoſt rendered me all my happineſs back, when Roſamond was continued.

You may depend on my fidelity; my virtue is real, and not to be ſhaken; you are going to become my huſband, and I would prefer death to the infamy of betraying you. I made no promiſe to Zumio, commit no crime in renouncing him, and only ſacrifice Love to Ambition.

Heavens! cried I, what have you uttered?

Wherefore this tranſport, ſaid the aſtoniſhed Roſamond, do you not believe I love you?

Ought I to believe ſo?

Alas! no, I do not love you, I love Zumio; but my virtue might eaſily triumph over that inclination, for I will ſee Zumio no more, but attach myſelf to you; gratitude and duty are all-powerful over my heart; you are vain, I am virtuous, and I can eaſily perſuade you I dearly love you.

I could contain myſelf no longer; my rage broke forth, and I ſhewed Roſamond I had again recovered the Taliſman ſhe had purloined.

Oh! cried ſhe, Zumio is revenged of an ambitious miſtreſs and a perfidious friend, and heaven is juſt. Yes, my lord, ambition ſeduced my ſoul; informed of your paſſion by Zumio, I regretted the rank and power which ſuch a marriage would confer on your conſort; Zumio, enraged, overwhelmed

whelmed me with reproaches, and irritated me; I commanded him to leave me; you ſoon after appeared, and, unwilling you ſhould know my thoughts, I determined to be ſilent; ſcarce had you quitted me, ere I ſaw, ſhining among the green herbs, the fatal Taliſman, which, in all likelihood, had fallen out of your pocket when you ſo paſſionately threw yourſelf at my feet; by a very ſingular chance, I happened to poſſeſs a box of rock cryſtal, very like your Taliſman, and at firſt I thought it was my own box; but, examining further, I diſcovered the myſtic characters which are engraved upon the lid; I then no longer doubted it was a Taliſman. Zumio had told me the enchantment of the Palace had no effect on you; and I gueſſed that this box was the preſervative which might, perhaps, guard you from the effects of this dangerous charm; I immediately ran to my chamber, ſought for, and found my own box, and, with a diamond's point, traced, and perfectly imitated the myſterious cyphers. This operation over, Zumio came, and on him I firſt tried the virtue of your Taliſman; I told him I did not love him, and found the box gave me the capability of diſguiſing my thoughts. Zumio left me in deſpair; I went to find and met you. I had but one fear, which was, that you had diſcovered my theft, though ſcarcely two hours had paſſed

paſſed ſince it had happened; but ſoon found you had not. While you expreſſed your tranſports, I adroitly ſlipt my cryſtal box into your pocket, and kept yours. I knew the cheat muſt in time be diſcovered, if we remained here, but I flattered myſelf I ſhould eaſily prevail on you to quickly quit this Palace. I had been tempted by opportunity, ſpurred on by ambition, and wanted time to make all the neceſſary reflections which ſhould have deterred me from this enterprize.

You now know all, my lord. I reproach myſelf for having deceived you; I reproach myſelf more for having ſacrificed Zumio: but I have diſcovered no malice, have not debaſed myſelf; and, though deprived of the Taliſman, and obliged to ſpeak truth, I ſtill can ſay I love virtue; and that I never ſhould have violated its ſacred duties, had my artifice ſucceeded, and had I become yours.

Forced thus to eſteem the ambitious Roſamond; penetrated with regret, overwhelmed with deſpair, and more in love than ever, I caſt myſelf at her feet. Oh, Roſamond! cried I, it it impoſſible for me to vanquiſh the paſſion you cannot participate; I am not beloved: but deign, at leaſt, to give me the right ever to love you; deign ſtill to reign in this Palace; let Hymen for ever

ever unite your deſtiny to mine. Behold me ready to conduct you to the altar; oh, come—

My lord, replied Roſamond, my character is not heroic, neither is my ſoul mean; in wedding for ambition I would have done my duty, and made you happy: I have no longer that hope, and I renounce you.

I admired this eſtimable delicacy of Roſamond, and vainly eſſayed to vanquiſh it; ſhe perſiſted in her refuſal; again ſaw Zumio; told him all that had paſſed; took the reſolution, the ſame day, to quit the Palace of Truth, and Zumio declared he was determined to follow her. I flatter myſelf, added he, that when we have left this accurſed Palace, Roſamond may perſuade me ſhe has only been guilty of a light wrong towards me, the remembrance of which I ought to loſe. Adieu, my lord! and everlaſtingly, if you remain here, for I vow never to return.

What, Zumio, will you abandon me?

I no longer hate, ſince Roſamond no longer loves you; but my reſentment againſt you is ſtill ſtrong: were I able to conceal it, as I have ſtill much attachment for you in my heart, and likewiſe much compaſſion, I might be capable to conſole you, and excite your gratitude and admiration, by ſacrificing a woman, who, it muſt be owned,

owned, would have ſacrificed me; but you read my heart; I can diſguiſe nothing, it is not poſſible to ſhew myſelf more generous, or leſs vindictive, than I really am; beſides, ſhould I hereafter repent having made ſuch a ſacrifice, you would inſtantly know it, and I ſhould loſe its fruits; therefore, adieu, my lord; and, if you wiſh to preſerve my friends, take my advice, and chuſe another habitation.

Zumio left me. I had the bitter grief to ſee him depart with Roſamond, and, on this fatal day, to loſe both my miſtreſs and my friend.

Gelanor ſtaid; curioſity retained him in a place which furniſhed a Philoſopher with ſo many ſubjects for reflection. Touched to ſee my profound grief, he preſſed me to abandon my Palace. No, Gelanor, ſaid I, no; here will I ſtay, till I have found an amiable woman of virtue and ſenſibility, who may recompenſe me for all the evils love has brought upon me.

One day, while I was walking in a grove of myrtles and orange trees, Gelanor came to ſeek me. Here are two gueſts, ſaid he, a man and a woman, of a delightful form, who have, unthinkingly, entered the Palace, and are exceedingly afflicted to learn they are obliged to remain here three months; they are conſulting together, and I believe, mean to aſk your permiſſion to be

married here; but, in all likelihood, a quarter of an hour's converſation will rob them of that wiſh, for no more time is neceſſary in this Palace, to make the moſt tender lovers fall out.

As Gelanor ſpoke, we perceived the young man coming; I approached him, and aſked if he ſtill perſiſted in his reſolution to marry his miſtreſs?

Yes, my lord, replied he, and that reſolution is leſs liable to fail, becauſe it is not inſpired by love.

How! are you not then in love?

No, my lord. I once was paſſionately in love with this ſame lady, as ſhe was with me; but an extraordinary accident tore my miſtreſs from me, only to perſecute her; this I knew, but knew not into what part of the world ſhe was carried. Love obliged me to go in ſearch of her, and I left my country, vowing never to return till I had found her whom I adored. My travels laſted more than three years; Love followed, or rather guided my path, for the firſt year; but the way, at length, became too wearíſome for him, and he left me; I, however, did without him, and continued my route; but I ſoon travelled ſlower, and ſtopped oftener, till, at laſt, I ſtopt too long, and became faithleſs.

Honour and friendſhip brought my vows to recollection again. I continued my travels, and found the woman I had ſo paſſionately loved, but who

who now was no more than a dear and intereſting friend. She was deeply affected by all I had done for her; incapable of deceiving me, ſhe confeſſed ſhe no longer had the power of participating that love ſhe ſuppoſed ſhe inſpired; for that, during ſo long an abſence, another object had poſſeſſed her heart. At preſent, added ſhe, I am free, and feel I am never more liable to the ſeductions of love; let ſincerity, Oh Nadir! be thought the beſt proof of my gratitude; and if, after this confeſſion, you love me ſtill, to you I am ready to devote my life; you have loſt a paſſionate Miſtreſs, but you will find a faithful wife, and a moſt tender Friend.

Her candour enchanted me, and I, in my turn, ceaſed to diſſemble; I opened my heart to this generous, amiable friend; preſſed her to unite her deſtiny to mine, and obtained the promiſe of her hand, when we ſhould arrive in our own country.

We immediately departed, and, in about a month, approached the loved land that gave us birth, when, happening to ſee this magnificent Palace, curioſity invited us to enter; but, ſince we are obliged to paſs three months here, let me conjure you, my lord, to permit us here to be for ever united.

I conſent, ſaid I, if your Miſtreſs deſire it.

Here ſhe comes, my lord, condeſcend to aſk her.

I turned my head, and ſaw the lady approach ——I ſhivered, my heart beat violently, I ſtarted to meet her——Heavens! cried I, it is Agelia ——I was not deceived, it was ſhe herſelf; ſurprize, confuſion, feelings unaccountable, mixed with grief, vexation, and joy; emotions all violent and diverſe, rendered me immoveable. Agelia was ſilent for a moment, then laughed aloud; and ſo, my lord, ſaid ſhe, you are incorrigible ——For I now know the virtue of your Palace ——What, and is this the fruit of all my leſſons and advice?

I could not ſupport this pleaſantry, and, eſpecially, the gay and unconcerned air with which Agelia ſpoke; diſtracted, deſpairing, I made no reply, but precipitately retired, to conceal feelings which it was impoſſible to diſſemble. I never, hitherto, had really loved any but Agelia; and this paſſion, which was ſo true and ſo ſtrong, was inſtantly re-kindled; I ſaw her again, found her more amiable, more charming than ever; her manners were ſo natural, and her mind ſo candid, that, even in the Palace of Truth, ſhe loſt nothing of her allurements and graces.

Nadir was no longer in love with her; Agelia felt only friendſhip for him; Hope again ſeduced me;

me; I ſpoke to, I conjured Agelia to prefer me to the indifferent Nadir; recollect, ſaid I, he no longer loves, and that I adore you to diſtraction.

My Lord, replied Agelia, love ſoon paſſes away, but the remembrance of actions remains, and this it is which makes attachments durable. I might forget the love of Nadir, but never that he has been three years an exile from his native land; that he has three years traverſed the univerſe to ſeek and aſſiſt me.

And will you have the barbarity to eſpouſe Nadir before my eyes, and reduce me to deſpair?

Such deſpair is but the caprice of a moment. Can you ſeriouſly aſk me to ſacrifice ſo faithful, ſo generous a friend?——You who had not the trifling merit (trifling, becauſe it is involuntary) to regret, for any reaſonable ſpace of time, the miſtreſs whom you had loſt by your own fault; the inhabitants of this Palace are not remarkable for their taciturnity; I have queſtioned them, and, you may well ſuppoſe, know the anecdotes of Arpaliſa and Roſamond; ſpeak not, then, to me, of a paſſion I no longer feel. Open your eyes, my lord; you are born virtuous and amiable; but, while you preſerve this injurious ſuſpicion and imprudent curioſity, which characterize you at preſent, you neither can know repoſe nor happineſs.

Think what this fatal infatuation of wiſhing to penetrate the ſecrets of the heart you love has already coſt you: without mentioning myſelf, remember Roſamond, who was charming, ſincere, virtuous, ſenſible of benefits, capable of gratitude, and, in any other place but this, of making you perfectly happy. Remember the amiable little Zumio, who ſo ſincerely loved you, and whom you drove from you. Oh ceaſe, my lord, to wiſh thus to deſtroy neceſſary illuſions; abandon this fatal Palace, or for ever renounce friendſhip, love, ſociety, and, in fact, all the ſentiments and pleaſures which render life ſweet and agreeable.

This diſcourſe made the more impreſſion on my mind, becauſe Agelia, with firmneſs not to be ſhaken, perſiſted in her reſolution to wed Nadir. Unable to ſupport the cruel ſight, I came, at length, to a determination; and wiſhing, at leaſt, to gain the eſteem of Agelia, heaped benefits on Nadir; left the Palace, and promiſed her that neither ſuſpicion, curioſity, or jealouſy, ſhould ever bring me thither again.

You had better, replied Agelia, promiſe that neither thoſe paſſions nor any other cauſe ſhall ever bring you here again.

That I cannot, anſwered I; but, to prove to you I do not intend to come often, or ſtay long, I here give you, deareſt Agelia, the Taliſman, which

which the ambitious Roſamond once purloined; this box, as you know, is a certain preſervative againſt the enchantment of the Palace; you are obliged to ſtay here three months, and, in that time, it may be of ſome utility to you; take it, keep it, I for ever renounce it.

I will accept it, replied Agelia, if you will permit me to give it to Nadir, deceit is always painful, but to be deceived is often the greateſt of pleaſures. If I am ſatisfied with Nadir, I fear not that he ſhould read my heart; permit me, then, to confide to him this Taliſman.

It is in your hands, do with it what you pleaſe, to your happineſs I ſacrifice it; but, now, obliged, as I am, to ſpeak what I think, deign, for the laſt time, to hear a faithful avowal of the paſſion you inſpire. Never, Agelia, have I loved any as I have loved you; never ſhall I forget you. Adieu! pity the unhappy Phanor; for your compaſſion and eſteem are the ſole conſolations that can alleviate my grief.

As I ſpoke thus, I ſaw the tears of the lovely feeling Agelia begin to flow; too much affected to reply, ſhe gave me her hand, which I bathed with my tears.——At length I tore myſelf from her, quitted her for ever, left the Palace of Truth, whither, from that moment to this, I have never returned.

Think what this fatal infatuation of wiſhing to penetrate the ſecrets of the heart you love has already coſt you: without mentioning myſelf, remember Roſamond, who was charming, ſincere, virtuous, ſenſible of benefits, capable of gratitude, and, in any other place but this, of making you perfectly happy. Remember the amiable little Zumio, who ſo ſincerely loved you, and whom you drove from you. Oh ceaſe, my lord, to wiſh thus to deſtroy neceſſary illuſions; abandon this fatal Palace, or for ever renounce friendſhip, love, ſociety, and, in fact, all the ſentiments and pleaſures which render life ſweet and agreeable.

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You had better, replied Agelia, promiſe that neither thoſe paſſions nor any other cauſe ſhall ever bring you here again.

That I cannot, anſwered I; but, to prove to you I do not intend to come often, or ſtay long, I here give you, deareſt Agelia, the Taliſman, which

which the ambitious Roſamond once purloined; this box, as you know, is a certain preſervative againſt the enchantment of the Palace; you are obliged to ſtay here three months, and, in that time, it may be of ſome utility to you; take it, keep it, I for ever renounce it.

I will accept it, replied Agelia, if you will permit me to give it to Nadir, deceit is always painful, but to be deceived is often the greateſt of pleaſures. If I am ſatisfied with Nadir, I fear not that he ſhould read my heart; permit me, then, to confide to him this Taliſman.

It is in your hands, do with it what you pleaſe, to your happineſs I ſacrifice it; but, now, obliged, as I am, to ſpeak what I think, deign, for the laſt time, to hear a faithful avowal of the paſſion you inſpire. Never, Agelia, have I loved any as I have loved you; never ſhall I forget you. Adieu! pity the unhappy Phanor; for your compaſſion and eſteem are the ſole conſolations that can alleviate my grief.

As I ſpoke thus, I ſaw the tears of the lovely feeling Agelia begin to flow; too much affected to reply, ſhe gave me her hand, which I bathed with my tears.——At length I tore myſelf from her, quitted her for ever, left the Palace of Truth, whither, from that moment to this, I have never returned.

Such, added the Genius, is my ſtory; ſuch is the ſecret I have had the fortitude, for ſixteen years, to conceal. Never, dear Altemira, have I doubted your virtue or affection; the Palace of Truth cannot add to the eſteem I have for you; it might enfeeble, or, at leaſt, diſturb, for a moment, that ſincere attachment by which we are at preſent united; and, if you will be adviſed by me, we never will take this dangerous journey.

No, Phanor, replied the Queen, I wiſh to enjoy the happineſs, in the Palace of Truth, of repeating to you I never loved any but you.

The Genius rather felt a ſecret pleaſure that the Queen was ſo firmly reſolved, ſince it proved ſo well her virtue; he only required ſhe could ſeriouſly reflect for ſix months; and if, ſaid he, at the end of that time, you have not changed your opinion, we then will go.

The ſix months being paſt, the Queen wiſhed to depart, and take with her her daughter, and Prince Philamir, who was to eſpouſe Zeolide. My daughter, ſaid ſhe, is certain of the heart of Philamir: but ſhe deſires he ſhould read hers likewiſe, and, ere he receives her hand, be aſſured of her faith. The Prince knows the effects of the Palace, yet ardently wiſhes to go with us; Zeloide deſires to take her dear and amiable friend Palmis, ſo beloved by her and us, and whom

whom I, this evening, intend to inform of the virtues of the Palace.

And I have a project, replied the Genius, to take thither three or four Courtiers, whom I ſhould not be ſorry to know, and whom I ſhall not inform of the ſecret of the much to be dreaded place whither they are going; for, were I ſo to do, I imagine they would find ſome pretext to be excuſed taking ſuch a journey; for which reaſon, recommend ſecrecy to Zeloide, Philamir, and Palmis.

The Queen and young Princeſs, the ſame evening, confided the ſecret to their friend; and Palmis, at firſt, ſhewed more ſurprize than eagerneſs to take this journey. However, after ſome reflections, Palmis ſaid, I have nothing eſſential to reproach myſelf with; I have a real and ſincere attachment to you, and am ready to go.

To this promiſe Palmis added a confeſſion; ſhe owned ſhe loved a young Courtier, named Chriſel, whoſe natural levity ſhe feared. Chriſel was a man of faſhion, and ſuch a quality does not inſpire love with confidence. Palmis wiſhed her lover might go with them, and the Genius gave his conſent.

The day of departure came; the Genius, the Queen, the Young Princeſs, Phalimir, and Palmis,

mis, were the only perſons who knew the ſecret of the Palace of Truth; and, in proportion as they approached it, their gaiety decreaſed; melancholy and inquietude invaded their hearts; Zeolide was the moſt tranquil, but Philamir became thoughtful and abſent; the gloom of Palmis was viſible, and the Queen was alarmed at remarking the trouble of Phanor. The Courtiers, who knew not the cauſe, vainly endeavoured to enliven the loſt gaiety of the Genius, the Queen, and Zeolide. The Lover of Palmis, the amiable and brilliant Chriſel, never diſcovered more grace or greater deſire to pleaſe: and when converſing with Palmis, in ſecret, he painted his paſſion with ſo much feeling and energy, ſhe could not help reproaching herſelf for her doubts and fears.

Among the Courtiers who followed the Genius was a man of an odd character, ſeldom met with in Courts. Ariſteus (ſo was he called) had done the State great ſervice: arrived at the higheſt honours, by merit alone, he did not come to Court till his youth was paſt, and he brought thither a bluntneſs and moroſeneſs in his manner that gave him an air of originality, which had the greater effect becauſe it formed ſo ſtrong a contraſt to the manners uſually ſeen in ſuch places. A frigid and ſatyric Courtier is not very likely to become a favourite; but his ſucceſs, for that

that very reaſon, was, at firſt, as great as his ſingularity was amuſing; but finding afterwards his underſtanding equalled his ill-humour, they endeavoured too late to get him expelled; the Queen and Genius eſteemed him, and he was eſtabliſhed at Court.

What is moſt extraordinary, when fixed there, he did not alter his behaviour; for he not only forbore falſe panegyric, but he was never even heard to praiſe; and, though very capable of zealouſly ſerving his friends, he never ſaid an agreeable or affectionate thing, or ever made a ſingle profeſſion of friendſhip.

As they now drew near to the Palace of Truth, the Genius had a private converſation with the Queen. I confeſs to you, ſaid he, I cannot enter this Palace, which has been ſo fatal to me, without chagrin; nor can I diſſemble that I ſtand greatly in need of your indulgence. What huſband, who has been married ſeventeen years, can ſay he never has been guilty of an offence?—You will much afflict me if you interrogate me too circumſtantially on my paſt conduct.

Very well, my Lord, replied Altemira, piqued, I promiſe to aſk you no queſtions.

And I will make a like promiſe, ſaid the Genius.

No, my Lord, anſwered Altemira, I have nothing to reproach myſelf with, and do not fear your curioſity.

I honeſtly own, replied the Genius, I do fear your's, for I ſhall be obliged to reply with the moſt exact ſincerity.

Confeſs, ſaid the Queen, you, at preſent, deeply regret you ſacrificed your precious Taliſman, which gave you the happy power to conceal your thoughts in the Palace of Truth, to that charming Agelia.

Phanor ſighed, and made no reply, and the Queen fell into a profound and melancholy revery.

At laſt they ſaw the bright walls of the magic Palace. More than one heart was agitated, but they felt, too late, all the conſequences of ſo dangerous a journey. The Chariots ſtop; they deſcend, advance, and paſs the fatal gates.

As they entered the Palace, the firſt object that caught the attention of the Genius was the venerable Gelanor, the virtuous Philoſopher, whom he had left above eighteen years before in the Palace of Truth. Phanor haſtily left the Queen, glad of a pretext to be at ſome diſtance from her, and ran to embrace the Philoſopher, with whom he went into the Gardens.

Who,

Who, my Lord, ſaid the old man, have you brought here?

My wife.

Your wife! Heavens! Have you thought of the conſequences, my Lord?

I am certain of her virtue.

Ah, my Lord! how many huſbands within theſe nineteen years, have I known enter this Palace with the ſame ſecurity, and leave it for ever undeceived.

That fear cannot trouble me; Altemira knows the effects of this Palace, yet would come hither. I have little uneaſineſs concerning what I may know of her, but much for what ſhe may learn from me.—But, tell me, venerable Sage, ſatisfy my curioſity.——Time has not yet effaced Agelia from my memory; and every thing here recalls her image.——Tell me if, after my departure, ſhe married Nadir.

Yes, my Lord; and the very ſame day, gave him the Taliſman ſhe had of you. Nadir, touched by ſo delicate and generous a procedure, determined never to queſtion her, and thus they paſſed three months in the moſt perfect intelligence. Imitate their example, my Lord.

I am ſo diſpoſed, if the Queen be ſo too.

While Phanor was converſing with the Philoſopher, Zeolide was walking with the Queen,

and the reſt of the newly arrived travellers. The young Princeſs and Philamir were a little before. After a moment's ſilence, Philamir ſaid, Ever ſince I have been in this place, I have found an inſurmountable embarraſſment. I dare not ſpeak my feelings; I fear leſt my expreſſions ſhould not ſeem ſufficiently tender.

Then they were exaggerated before we came here.

I doubt they were.

Ungrateful man! I have never ſhewn half the tenderneſs I felt.

Ah, Zeolide! What a rapturous confeſſion!

But tell me if you have ever loved me?

I never loved any but you, on you alone the happineſs of my life depends.

I am ſatisfied, exclaimed Zeolide.——Yes, dear Philamir, we will prove that even this Palace cannot be fatal to true Lovers; and that far from deſtroying, it increaſes affection, by diſſipating all the doubts which a lively and delicate tenderneſs too often feels.

As Zeolide pronounced theſe words, the Queen and Palmis came up; Philamir left them, and the Princeſſes ſeparated themſelves from the group of Courtiers that followed them in the gardens. Philamir and Chriſel went into a thicket, at the entrance of which they ſaw a young woman ſitting

ting on a bank. She was handſome, and Chriſel would go and ſpeak to her. The Prince ſoon found ſhe was but juſt arrived, and that ſhe, no more than Chriſel, knew how impoſſible it was to conceal her ſentiments. Philamir aſked her name; ſhe replied, Azema.

You have a fantaſtical coquettiſh manner which is agreeable enough, ſaid Chriſel, thinking he had praiſed her extravagantly, and aſtoniſhed to ſee with what an air of ſurprize and diſdain ſhe received his compliment.——And ſo, ſaid he, you are a woman, and do not love flattery?

Do you call that flattery? Perhaps you think me ugly?

Ugly! Did I not this moment tell you I never ſaw ſo charming a creature before?

Really, Sir, you are a little whimſical, but this is a thing of ſmall importance; for, notwithſtand my coquetiſh airs, I care not for you, Sir.

Candour and ſimplicity, faith.

Simplicity; really, Sir, you have a deal of penetration.

Well then, ſincerity, at leaſt.

Sincerity! Lord, Sir, I never ſpeak a word of truth. I aſſume an air of ſimplicity and ingenuity I own, but it is only to deceive.

Chriſel

Chriſel burſt out into a laugh, and Azema, turning towards Philamir, ſaid, What is the reaſon, my Lord, that you are ſo obſtinately ſilent?

Why do you aſk? replied Philamir, ſmiling.

Becauſe I ſhould like to make a conqueſt of you.

And, for my part, I do not know that I ever met a more uncommon Lady.

You really pleaſe me very much, and, I dare ſay, you are very credulous, and very loving.

Yes, I know how to love.

Moſt childiſhly, I dare ſay. Are you very deeply in Love?

I am; and on the ſucceſs of my paſſion depends the happineſs of my life.

I dare ſay——And I am glad of it.

And why ſo, pray?

Becauſe I am happy to ſet Lovers at variance.

Is ſhe you love her?

She is.

I will find her, and, if ſhe be handſome enough to pique my vanity, will render you faithleſs. I ſhall walk this evening in the Orange-Grove; and I tell you ſo, expreſsly, that you may come and meet me there.

So ſaying, ſhe roſe, and Philamir, going to detain her, ſaid, do not hold me, do you not ſee, by my air of affectation, I want to make you believe I think

I think you a dangerous man, and, therefore, fly you?

Azema then, with a moſt modeſt and ſerious air, made a very low curteſy, and retired.

Really, ſaid Chriſel, this little Lady is the moſt extraordinary and odd kind of perſon I ever met. Women are all coquettes and deceitful, but ſhe is the only one I have ever ſeen who was indiſcreet enough to own it; her wiſh to ſeduce, and her exceſſive imprudence, made her truly whimſical and original. Where I in your place, my Lord, I ſhould be ſure to meet her in the Orange-Grove.

Do you ſpeak as you think, Chriſel?

To be ſure——What, becauſe you are in love with the Princeſs?——Pſhaw! Childiſh! You cannot have ſuch ſcruples.

Do you think, aſked Philamir, it would be poſſible to turn the brain of a coquette like Azema?

Certainly, if you manage matters well, there is no doubt.

I? I have no ſuch deſign——And yet, I own, this aſſignation piques my curioſity.

The ſudden appearance of Palmis interrupted the converſation; ſhe had not yet had an opportunity of ſpeaking alone with Chriſel, therefore, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe approached, and the Prince

Prince left them together. Palmis was agitated; ſhe dreaded to queſtion her Lover; and Chriſel, thinking about ſomething elſe, did not remark her perplexity. At laſt, Palmis, fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid, Why, are you ſilent, Chriſel? Are you thinking of me?

No ſooner did he hear the queſtion than, aſſuming the moſt paſſionate manner poſſible, and tenderly kiſſing the hand of Palmis, Chriſel replied, oh! no, I never think or trouble myſelf about you, I proteſt I do not.

How! Faithleſs man, cried Palmis.

Do you doubt my truth? Ah, Palmis, how unjuſt you are. Yes, ſaid he, falling on his knees, it has been my ſtudy to deceive you. Ambition and vanity alone have attached me to you. Do juſtice, Palmis, to your Lover, for he is incapable of affection; be comforted, be ſecure, and let theſe ſincere proteſtations drive all doubts from your mind.——But why is anger ſo viſible in your looks? How have I offended you? And wherefore to-day will you not believe me?——Do you wiſh me to ſwear? ——Oaths coſt me nothing.

Wretch, cried Palmis, I can liſten no longer.

Tears impeded ſpeech, and, overwhelmed with exceſſive grief, ſhe ſunk on a garden-ſeat; Chriſel, ſtill kneeling, feigned to weep. Do not you ſee,

ſaid he, how I pretend to ſhed tears? really, beauteous Palmis, you quite weary me, and, though you are naturally as unreaſonable as inſipid, I never before ſaw you ſo intolerably tireſome.

Begone, ſaid Palmis, repelling Chriſel with indignation, you give me horror to hear you.

There is, certainly, ſaid Chriſel, ſomething I cannot underſtand in all this; perhaps, ſaid he, with an air of freedom, you wiſh to break with me: if ſo, ſpeak; there is no neceſſity for all theſe tears, this tragic tone; let us remain friends, at leaſt: and this I wiſh, becauſe your credit and favour may yet be uſeful to make my fortune.

Palmis made no other anſwer than by riſing with impetuoſity; and, as ſhe flew from him, darted a look of contemptuous rage at Chriſel.

The Courtier ſtood confounded, and, as he reflected on this ſtrange adventure, heard a tumult of voices. He walked towards the noiſe, and entered a verdant Amphitheatre, full of paſſengers, newly arrived, to the number of about thirty, ſitting on the graſs-banks, and forming a circle round Gelanor. Chriſel, as he entered, aſked why they were all aſſembled?

My Lord, ſaid Gelanor, for theſe nineteen years I have done the honours of this Palace; have neglected nothing to make it agreeable to ſtrangers, and have only required one thing in return,

return, which is, to follow me to this place, and anſwer a ſingle queſtion which I put to each perſon.

And what queſtion is that, pray?

I only deſire to know if they are happy.

Well, and have you found many people ſatisfied with your condition?

Their names are all written in a Book, and I am ſtill at the firſt page; but, alas! we ought not to wonder at this, ſince Virtue and Reaſon alone can give happineſs.

Have you begun your Cathechiſm of to-day?

Yes; I have queſtioned nearly half this Aſſembly. Will you, Sir, be kind enough to anſwer me?

Oh willingly. I have been very ſucceſsful at Court, made a great fortune, ruined half a ſcore women, who all, before they knew me, had excellent reputations; and yet I am not happy, am weary of myſelf, enjoy nothing, but wiſh for what I do not poſſeſs with an ardour that conſumes me.

Let us paſs on to another, ſaid Gelanor. What ſay you, grave ſtranger? addreſſing himſelf to a little olive-coloured man with a diſdainful air.

I am called a Philoſopher, ſaid the ſtranger, in an imperious and dogmatic tone.

Then, comrade, anſwered Gelanor, ſmiling, you are happy.

I happy! no, indeed.

And

And what prevents you?

Pride. I aſſociated myſelf with ſome others, like myſelf, and, among us, we formed a vaſt and hardy project. We wiſhed to reign and domineer over the minds of men; and we had a celebrated Magician for a Chief, who gave us a Taliſman, on which were engraved theſe three words, BENEVOLENCE, TOLERANCE, PHILOSOPHY. My friend, ſaid the Magician, the virtue of theſe three words is ſuch that, to obtain your end, you have only inceſſantly to repeat them, and reſt faithfully attached and ſubmiſſive to your Chief. With this Taliſman and my protection, you will want neither knowledge nor genius; you may daringly ſay, and write, all the extravagances which ſhall enter your imagination, you ſhall have an excluſive authority to reaſon wrong, be inconſiſtent, trouble eſtabliſhed order, overturn moral principles and corrupt manners, without loſing your conſequence. If you are attacked, make no reply, beware of diſcuſſion. I permit you to declaim, to affirm, and to conſult, but not to reaſon; Keep conſtantly repeating the ſame thing, BENEVOLENCE, TOLERANCE, PHILOSOPHY. Should it be proved you are neither benevolent, tolerant, nor a Philoſopher, be not frightened, only repeat and cry with more force and obſtinacy than ever, theſe three ſacred and

magic

magic words, BENEVOLENCE, TOLERANCE, PHILOSOPHY, and you ſhall triumph over all your enemies, at leaſt, as long as I ſhall live. So ſpoke this great Enchanter, and his promiſes had their full effect; but, alas! we have had the misfortune to loſe a Chief ſo worthy of our regret; and, ſince his death, the Taliſman has loſt it's virtue, and our empire is no more. Depoſed Uſurpers as we are, our Partizans are loſt, we can excite no more diſorders, and are fallen into obſcurity.

As he ended, this pretended Philoſopher fetched a deep ſigh.

Juſt then, Zoram, one of Phanor's Courtiers, joined the company: hold, cried Chriſel, addreſſing himſelf to Gelanor, if you want to find a happy man interrogate this, whoſe mirth is ſo great it approaches folly, amuſing himſelf with every thing, impaſſioned, enthuſiaſtic——are you not, Zoram?

Theſe are my pretenſions, replied Zoram.

Pretenſions! Why art thou not furiouſly fond of Muſic, Painting, Hunting——

Hunting fatigues me; the beſt muſic in the world to me is only noiſe, and I have no taſte for painting; but I keep Hounds, hire Muſicians, and buy Pictures; that is, I ruin myſelf to perſuade the world I am amuſed and happy.

Come,

Come, come, leave joking, and anſwer ſeriouſly.

I am ſatisfied, replied Gelanor; and now let me queſtion this Lady, who is ſitting in the midſt of that agreeable group of children and young Ladies. You are the mother of a family, madam, ſaid the Philoſopher?

Theſe who ſit round are my children.

Are you happy?

The queſtion is addreſſed to you; anſwer, my children.

The moment ſhe had ſpoken, her two eldeſt daughters, with tears of joy in their eyes, ran to her arms with the moſt tender expreſſion of gratitude; and the children all cried, at once, ſhe is happy in us, and we love her with all our hearts.

Heaven be praiſed, exclaimed Gelanor, for my eyes have this day beheld a happy Being. Let me beſeech you, madam, to tell me your name?

I am called Eudemonia.

Indulge me in a few queſtions. How long have you enjoyed the pure and affecting happineſs of which you now preſent ſo delightful a picture?

Ever ſince I have been a mother.

What kind of a life do you lead?

I live retired; devote one half of the day to my children, and the other to ſtudy and friendſhip.

Have

Have you many friends?

Very few; but thoſe I have I can depend upon.

Are you rich?

No; nor ever ſhall be.

Why ſo;

I deſpiſe pomp, and money can only procure me one pleaſure, that of giving.

Are you ambitious?

No, not even for my children; for reaſon and experience have taught me honours and wealth cannot beſtow happineſs.

Gelanor took his book from his pocket, and, with inexpreſſible joy in his countenance, inſcribed the name of Eudemonia.

Chriſel and Zoram left the garden, and went towards the Palace; the little Court of the Genius aſſembled in the Saloon; Ariſteus, the ſatiric and ſurly Courtier already mentioned, was talking to the Queen, who was ſurpriſed to find he had loſt much of his moroſeneſs, that his manners were more mild, and that he could ſay obliging things. Zoram and Chriſel entered the Saloon; the Princeſs was going to her muſic, and tuning her harp, Philamir ſat beſide her, and the ſorrowful unhappy Palmis leaned languiſhingly againſt a pillar, thought of the perfidious Chriſel, and was mournfully ſilent. Chriſel approached Phanor, who was walking, full of thought. Being deſirous

deſirous of ſaying ſomething civil of the Queen, he followed the Genius, and, as ſoon as he was near enough Altemira to be heard, ſtopped, and, with a look of great complaiſance, addreſſing himſelf to the Genius, ſaid, how much the Queen ſhews her age to-day; it is not poſſible to think her leſs than eight and thirty.

Altemira, though ſtill beautiful, was no longer vain of her perſon, but ſmiled. You flatter me, ſaid ſhe.

I intended ſo to do, madam.

How do you like my dreſs?

Not at all; it is much too youthful for your Majeſty.

After thus replying, with a moſt obliging and gentle tone and manner, Chriſel, quite ſatisfied with himſelf, and with what he thought he had ſaid, bowed, and rejoined Phanor.

Zoram advanced towards Palmis, and, deſirous of awakening her from her revery by inciting agreeable ideas in her mind, ſaid, Good God! madam, your eyes are ſunk in your head, and how red your noſe is; you do not look handſome to-day at all. Nay, do not affect that diſdainful air, nor think what I ſay is flattery, I aſſure you it is the very exact truth.

The Princeſs was ſeated, and preluding on her inſtrument; Zoram, in order to maintain his reputation

putation for a connoiſſeur paſſionately fond of muſic, haſtily approached, with every demonſtration of gladneſs. The Princeſs ſang, and accompanied herſelf; Zoram liſtened, and beat out of time, clapping as if he had been mad. Before the air was half over, he exclaimed, ſtill continuing his hand applauſe, How tireſome this is! How intolerably inſipid!

Zoelide was a little diſconcerted, and ſtopped; I am quite delighted, madam, ſaid he, to ſee you the dupe of theſe affected tranſports; it was to act enthuſiaſm that I have made all this noiſe.

The other Courtiers were in utter aſtoniſhment to hear him, and abſolutely ſuppoſed poor Zoram mad. Chriſel, who was particularly intimate with him, wiſhing to appear afflicted for his misfortune, put on an air of tender amazement, and exclaimed, Poor Zoram, how happy am I to ſee him thus! I ſhall profit by it; I will aſk his place of Phanor this very evening.

So ſaying, he took Zoram by the arm, dragged him away, and they both left the ſaloon.

Zeolide then aſked Philamir, laughing, if he, like Zoram, thought the air ſhe had been playing dull?

No, replied Philamir, for I was not liſtening; I was thinking of ſomething elſe.

The

The Princeſs bluſhed with vexation, and Ariſteus ſaid, I, madam, have not loſt a bar of it; I think the air a very good one, and your voice quite enchanting.

How now, Ariſteus, interrupted the Genius, what are you becoming polite and gallant?

I have no ſuch intention, replied Ariſteus, but I am neither ſo frigid nor unfeeling as I appear; I am ſomewhat croſs, and wiſh to be thought ſingular, for which reaſon I paſs my life in ſnarling and finding fault, entirely from a ſpirit of contradiction; beſides, I have made it a law with myſelf never openly to praiſe or flatter, but indirectly, and only on great occaſions.

Ha! I underſtand you; pray tell me, have you never flattered me?

You eſteem me, becauſe you believe I have not; yet love me, becauſe I really have; you believe, ſimply enough, that a man with a gruff voice and blunt manners cannot flatter; you are ſuſpicious of other Courtiers, but in full ſecurity with me; but flattery can take various forms, nor is there more than one way to eſcape its ſeductions, and that is to be inſenſible to them. You love flattery, and I give it you; I naturally hate it, and, had you deſpiſed it, ſhould never have had this meanneſs to reproach myſelf with; but thus only could I obtain your confidence; if I

deceive ſometimes, you force me to it; and, had not you corrupted me, I never ſhould have uſed artifice; I feel how much I am debaſed, groan to remember it, am irritated againſt you, and ſerve without loving you.

Inſolent!——Begone, cried the Genius, his eyes inflamed with fury, and dare never again enter my preſence.

Theſe dreadful words terrified the Princeſs, who haſtily roſe, and, followed by Palmis, went into the gardens. Alas! ſaid Zeolide, I begin to find how fatal this Palace is; this unfortunate Ariſteus, who has done the State ſo many ſervices, is diſgraced and ruined.—And have I any reaſon to be better ſatisfied? How did Philamir anſwer me? It was for him I ſang, yet he deigned not to liſten. What then did he think of? Ah! had I dared to demand, perhaps——Palmis take part in my pangs.

I ſee nothing you have to complain of, replied Palmis, coldly.

What! the indifference, the cruel diſdain of Philamir——

You are ridiculouſly ſuſceptible.

This is a ſtrange expreſſion.

Alas! I have not the power to chuſe—Pardon me, madam.

You are not affected by my grief; I ſee you do

not love me ——Ah! no doubt, it is impoſſible for perſons of my rank to be beloved for themſelves. How unhappy am I!

The Princeſs could not retain her tears as ſhe ſpoke.——You are unjuſt, replied Palmis; do not calumniate human nature thus; if a Prince wiſhes to know whether the praiſes given him are ſincere, and whether he is really beloved, let him aſk his own heart; let him judge himſelf; if he diſdains flattery, and is capable of friendſhip, he may be certain he has tender and faithful friends.

Well, Palmis, I deteſt flattery, and love you.

And I, madam, have no friend in the world ſo dear to me as you are.

Zeolide anſwered Palmis by kiſſing her with tranſport. Be certain, henceforth, added Palmis, your rank cannot injure the ſentiments you are born to inſpire. In our ſecret converſations, your friendſhip and confidence eſtabliſh a perfect equality between us; you are amiable, and have a feeling heart; I daily receive new benefits from you, and inclination and gratitude are the ſacred ties by which we are for ever united.

Oh my dear Palmis! cried Zeolide, how happy do you make me!

You cannot now doubt of my attachment, replied Palmis, and yet I fear this Palace; remember, madam, that, without condeſcenſion, with-

out thoſe delicacies and attentions which flow from the heart, friendſhip could not ſubſiſt.

Zeolide aſſured Palmis that nothing, after this, ſhould ever deprive her of her friendſhip and affection.

While the two friends were thus converſing, Philamir did not forget that the coquette, Azema, had given him a rendezvous in the Orange-grove; and it ſeemed ſo curious, and amuſing, to read the heart of a woman of that character that he had not the fortitude to reſiſt the opportunity: beſides, I am certain, ſaid he, Azema cannot ſeduce me; Zeolide will know nothing of the affair, and conſequently will aſk no queſtions. The latter reflection determined the Prince, and he immediately went towards the grove. Here he found Azema negligently extended on the graſs, and in ſuch a manner as to leave a pretty foot, and the half of a very handſome leg, expoſed. Her eyes were down-caſt, ſhe ſeemed loſt in a profound revery, and did not appear to perceive the Prince, who gently approached.

As ſoon as Philamir ſtood by her ſide, Azema gave a little ſhriek, and haſtily roſe.——What, ſaid the Prince, have I frightened you?

No; I am acting ſurprize and modeſty; I have been waiting for you above an hour, in the ſame attitude in which you found me; and I flat-

ter

ter myſelf, added ſhe, with down-caſt eyes, as if ſhe was confuſed, you ſaw my foot and leg.

Philamir ſmiled, and ſaid he had never ſeen any thing more charming, and Azema hid her face with her fan.——Why do you do that? ſaid the Prince.

To make you believe I bluſh.

I ſhould be glad to know what you think of me?

You pleaſe me, and I wiſh to make you in love with me.

If I were not already really in love——

Well, what then?

Then——This moment might be dangerous to me.

Dangerous! That is very pleaſant.

I think there would be much danger in loving you. I have a warm heart.

And I a lively imagination, which tally excellently. I am certain I ſhall ſeduce you.

Your confidence makes me afraid.

I ſhall now, under pretence of being warm, take off my glove to let you ſee my hand and arm.

How delicate and white, ſaid Philamir, ſeizing one of the hands of Azema.

I am now going to ſeem offended with the liberty you have taken, and pout, as you ſee; after which I ſhall put on a ſentimental air.

Azema drew away her hand with dignity, and turned her back on Philamir.——Shall you pout long, ſaid the Prince?

Long enough to give you time to remark my flowing hair and fine ſhape.

What beauteous treſſes! cried Philamir, diverting himſelf with the arts of Azema.

The Prince, however, could not avoid obſerving ſhe really had fine hair, and elegant ſhape, and one of the prettieſt faces in the world. After a moment's ſilence, Azema ſaid to him, If you had common ſenſe, this is the inſtant in which you would fall at my knees, and I ſhould then ſeem greatly affected.

Philamir could not reſiſt the curioſity he had to know how Azema would act tenderneſs, and accordingly did as ſhe deſcribed.——Oh! ho! cried Azema, have I brought you down then?

Tell me, charming Azema, what paſſes this moment in your heart.

I am in raptures. I have ſeen Zeolide, and I deteſt her.—Oh! what will her vexation be, when ſhe ſhall know I have robbed her of her Lover, for know it ſhe ſhall; I will tell her of it myſelf, for it will delight me to be a witneſs of her deſpair.——She is ſo beautiful, and ſo good, that they ſpeak of nothing here but of her bounty,

bounty, charms, and virtue; but I will defame her; I will, if poſſible, rob her of her reputation.

Azema, as ſhe ſpoke, was ſtruck with the indignation ſhe ſaw painted in the countenance of Philamir. What, Prince, ſaid ſhe, do you ſuſpect me of affectation? Think you there is any exaggeration in the heroic ſentiments I endeavour ſo much to diſcover?

Oh! exclaimed Philamir, as he roſe, that all the Monſters of your ſpecies were obliged to ſpeak with the ſame ſincerity, that they might only have the power to inſpire contempt and horror.

Philamir ſpoke, and haſtily withdrew, reflecting as he went on this adventure. Into what ſnares, ſaid he, might curioſity alone lead a perſon of my age, from a wiſh to ſee how far ſuch a woman could go! I found myſelf kneeling to her; I deſpiſed her, was not her dupe, yet ſhe amuſed me, appeared charming, and, had ſhe not diſcovered a ſoul ſo black and baſe, I had for an inſtant forgot Zeolide.

Thus reflecting, the Prince turned with melancholy ſtep towards the Palace, when Gelanor came from a Grove, and ſaid, Come hither, my Lord; come, and, if poſſible, prevent Chriſel and Zoram from cutting each others throats.

How!

As they were croſſing the gardens about two hours ſince, they mutually accuſed each other of madneſs; but, meeting with a gueſt, who informed them of the virtues of the Palace, they were terrified to think what they had ſaid to the Genius and the Queen, and went privately to concert what meaſures were beſt to take. From this converſation they learnt that they really had no friendſhip for each other; each, queſtioned, was forced to confeſs each had committed reciprocal wrongs, formerly and recently; till at laſt they determined to fight, and are not many yards diſtant.

Bring me to the place, ſaid Philamir, and I will endeavour to reconcile them.

Ah! my Lord, replied the Philoſopher, you know not how difficult it is to effect a reconciliation in this Palace.

The Prince came up, juſt as Chriſel and Zoram were making their attack; he ran between them, and the two Courtiers owned they did not wiſh to fight, and ſhould be very glad if they could be reconciled again. Well then, ſaid the Prince, forget the paſt, and embrace.

Chriſel immediately approached Zoram with a good grace, who met him with open arms. Zoram ſaid, with a ſmiling countenance, I here ſwear eternal hatred.

And

And ſo do I, replied Chriſel.

What is it you ſay, exclaimed Philamir?

You hear his perfidy, ſaid Zoram: though I have the ſame ſentiments.

In the name of heaven, cried Philamir, be ſilent, and be calm.

My Lord, anſwered Chriſel, were it poſſible to diſſemble, I would trick the traitor; but we are forced to ſpeak what we think, and cannot conceal our mutual reſentment. I ſee it is uſeleſs to ſtrive againſt the invincible virtue of this Palace, for I am obliged to ſpeak truth. I, who have carried the profound art of diſſimulation ſo far; yes, I have loſt the fruits of ten years ſtudy.

You Chriſel gave the firſt offence, replied the Prince; endeavour therefore to ſay a ſingle word in excuſe to Zoram, who, I am ſure, will have the moderation to be ſatisfied.

I cannot, ſaid Chriſel; if I attempt to ſpeak, I ſhall only add to the inſults I have already uttered.

No; we muſt fight, ſaid Zoram, honour will have it ſo; deign, therefore, my Lord, to be a witneſs of the combat. I flatter myſelf that, at the very firſt wound, however ſlight, it may be, you will run to part us.

So ſaying, they again drew their ſwords, and the combat began. After a few minutes Chriſel

was touched in the hand. Enough, ſaid the Prince, ſtop.

Very willingly, replied Chriſel; however, my Lord, be explicit, if you think it neceſſary, I am ready to go on. I am very much attached to life, but honour is ſtill more dear to me.

Such alſo are my ſentiments, added Zoram.

Honour is ſatisfied, ſaid the Prince, therefore ſeparate.

Chriſel and Zoram, on hearing this, left the field of battle, and the Prince returned towards the Palace.

The Genius and the Queen had likewiſe juſt had a moſt diſagreeable converſation. Altemira, notwithſtanding her promiſes, could not forbear to queſtion Phanor; and his anſwers had ſo ſurprized and angered her that the Monarch and Queen had almoſt come to an open rupture, were each ſullen, and did not ſpeak.

Zeolide appeared ſo melancholy and cold that Philamir feared ſhe had heard of his adventure in the Orange-Grove. The ſupper was far from chearful; the unfortunate Ariſteus durſt not make his appearance, and Zoram and Chriſel ſhewed not the leaſt eagerneſs to pay their Court. Palmis, overwhelmed with grief, was ſorrowful and ſilent; the Queen and the Genius were plunged in a profound revery; and Philamir, devoured

voured by inquietude, trembled as he ſpoke to Zeolide, who ſcarce deigned to make him a reply.

The next morning, Philamir, who had paſſed the night in reflecting on his ſituation, determined to demand an explanation from the Princeſs. He went therefore in ſearch of her, and, as ſoon as he found himſelf alone with her and Palmis, he threw himſelf at her feet, and ſaid, Oh! pardon me, Zeolide; I ſee you know all, and therefore I am ready to confeſs.

Know all what? interrupted Zeolide.

My adventure with Azema.

I know nothing of it, but I now inſiſt on knowing it circumſtantially.

When Philamir heard this, he heartily repented his indiſcretion, but he could not retract; he was obliged to ſatisfy the jealous curioſity of the Princeſs, and forced to own that Azema might for a moment have ſeduced him, had ſhe not ſhewn ſo perverſe and black a heart.

Thus then, ſaid Zeolide, had you not been in this Palace, and could this woman have concealed the atrocity of her mind, and the corruptneſs of her morals, ſhe might have rendered you faithleſs.

Oh! Zeolide, cried Philamir, forget this momentary crime; my repentance is moſt ſincere: I love you, and only you.

And I, replied Zeolide, haughtily, ſhall diſdain you ever hereafter; you are no longer worthy of me, and henceforth I renounce you.

So ſaying, the Princeſs flew to the other end of the chamber, and ſhut herſelf up with Palmis in her own room.

Here Zeolide gave a free courſe to her tears, and a thouſand times repeated Philamir was an ungrateful faithleſs man, whom ſhe would never ſee more. Palmis long kept ſilence, but at laſt was obliged to anſwer. Alas! madam, ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I ſay? Were I not here, I might pretend to feel as you do till you became cooler, and I by degrees could diſpoſe you to liſten, and inſenſibly return to reaſon.

To reaſon! How! Am I then unreaſonable?

Yes, madam.

You muſt have very little delicacy.

I have more experience than you, madam.

Your manner of thinking greatly diminiſhes the eſteem I had for you.

I anger, I irritate you; I foreſaw I ſhould; you are under the dominion of paſſion, and I cannot uſe thoſe means your ſituation requires.

This is inſupportable.——But let me hear you try to prove how Philamir is excuſable?

I ſhould fail at preſent, permit me to be ſilent,

No; I will know what you think.

Well

Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, I think that in this affair you have not common ſenſe. Philamir is only twenty: a very pardonable curioſity, and not an intention to deceive you, led him to the rendezvous; that coquette is charming; he, for a moment, forgot himſelf, was wrong, felt he was, and repented. This is the only error love can reproach him with; he now knows coquettes, deſpiſes them moſt ſincerely, loves you paſſionately, and well deſerves his pardon.

Never ſhall he obtain it.

Will you be mad enough then to exact perfect fidelity from your Lover?

Yes; I will be *mad enough*.——Affection cannot ſubſiſt if it be not ſincerely reciprocal.

True; and therefore is the duration of love ſo ſhort. It is not poſſible for a man to have as much delicacy as an affectionate and virtuous woman; and the moſt tender Lover muſt ſoon be diſcarded, if his miſtreſs has neither indulgence nor credulity.

That is, you think me romantic.

Exceſſively ſo.

And do not pity me.

I am ſorry to ſee you ſuffer; but, when I compare your ſituation to mine, it is impoſſible to feel any great compaſſion.

Thoſe

Thoſe who attach themſelves to a coxcomb merit but too well the miſery you have felt.

And thoſe who attach themſelves to a Lover under twenty ought to expect vexations much more real than what you complain of.

What a reproach! How unfeeling!

You firſt began.

I had no intention to vex you; I ſpoke what I thought, without reflection.

And you have hurt me cruelly——which I ſhall remember after to-day.

I ſhall never forget the inſenſibility you have diſcovered.

You are neither juſt nor reaſonable.

This is too much, interrupted Zeolide; leave me; I expected conſolation, and you aggravate my pains; leave me.

Palmis roſe with vexation in her countenance, and left the room without anſwering a word.

And ſo, cried the Princeſs, melting into tears, Philamir has betrayed me, and Palmis loves me no longer. I have loſt them both at once.—— But I have a mother ſtill.

Zeolide dried her tears, and went to the Queen's apartment. ——Altemira was the beſt and tendereſt of mothers; Zeolide told her all her ſorrows, and the Queen partook her griefs, and even her reſentment. How guilty did Philamir, eſpecially,

cially, appear! He had forgotten Zeolide for a moment; but ſuch, ſaid ſhe, are men. Alas! did you know, my daughter, what confeſſions I have torn from your father's boſom——But Philamir is to me a thouſand times ſtill more inexcuſable; yes, my child, the greateſt wrong that can be done me is to afflict thee; thy pangs are the only ones I cannot ſupport with fortitude, they rend my heart.

Oh my mother! cried Zeolide, in you I find all the tenderneſs I experienced before we entered this Palace, you are the only one whoſe language is ſtill the ſame.

Yes, my dear Zeolide, there are no illuſions mingled with the affections of nature; a good mother cannot ſpeak more than ſhe feels, nor paint tenderneſs more paſſionate than her heart proves.

Zeolide, penetrated with gratitude, claſped her mother's neck, whilſt the tears of filial affection gladdened her maternal boſom, and ſoftened each of their ſorrows.

The two Princeſſes paſſed ſeveral days in the company of each other; at laſt they conſented to receive the ſage and virtuous Gelanor. The Philoſopher incited a ſpirit of indulgence; the Queen admitted Phanor; Zeolide went herſelf in ſearch of Palmis, and the two friends tenderly embraced each

each other. Explanations, however, in the Palace of Truth, could not diſſipate all the clouds that had riſen. Gelanor conducted Philamir to the feet of Zeolide. The Princeſs wiſhed to aſſure Philamir ſhe had forgotten the paſt; but was forced to tell him her love was ſomewhat leſſened, and that ſhe ſecretly preſerved a little reſentment and ſuſpicion. The Prince was grieved, and was obliged to own too he was ſomewhat vexed; and, had it not been for the remonſtrances and advice of Gelanor, the two lovers would have fallen out again; but they preſerved appearances, though nothing could re-eſtabliſh their former good underdanding.

The Genius, having interrogated Ariſteus circumſtantially, learnt that, if he had not been ſcrupulouſly virtuous, he had ineſtimable qualities; at leaſt, that he poſſeſſed probity and real patriotic ſentiments—In Chriſel he diſcovered a flattering and ambitious Courtier, but a faithful ſubject; and as for Zoram, he was rather ridiculous than vicious.

Follow my advice, ſaid Gelanor to the Genius; treat theſe Courtiers with indulgence, but grant them no more a blind confidence; let them henceforth find, the only means to obtain your favour is by rectitude and virtue, and they will become new men. When Monarchs have arrived

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at an age of maturity, and towards the end of their reign, they are then the real formers of Courtiers, and either pervert or make them virtuous.

Phanor followed his advice, and recal'ed his three Courtiers, who had been ſhut up in a corner of the Palace; but ſociety was no longer agreeable; no perſon durſt open his lips, leſt he ſhould ſay ſomething impertinent; and, when forced to break this obſtinate ſilence, trembled as he ſpoke, and ſeldom uttered a word but was either ill-timed or offenſive. All execrated the Palace, and the only pleaſure they could find in it was to converſe with the travellers with which it ſwarmed.

One evening, Philamir, more diſcontented with Zeolide, and ſorrowful, than ordinary, went to ſeek Gelanor, and relate his new cauſe of grief. He had never been in the apartment of this venerable old man, but was conducted thither by an attendant. As ſoon as he came to the door, he opened it, entered, and ſaw a young beautiful lady, in long mourning robes, ſitting by the Philoſopher's ſide, holding a book, and reading aloud. Gelanor appeared embarraſſed at the ſight of the Prince; Philamir, ſurprized, advanced towards the charming lady, and aſked her if ſhe was juſt arrived.

I have

I have been here theſe ſix weeks, ſhe replied.

Six weeks! And nobody yet mentioned your name; you have, no doubt, lived concealed; it is not elſe poſſible you ſhould have remained unknown,

My ſituation has obliged me to fly ſociety, and I am fond of ſolitude; I ſee no perſon here but Gelanor, to whom I liſten, by whom I am inſtructed, and I ſeek no other pleaſures.

The Prince wiſhes to ſpeak to me, Mirza, interrupted the Philoſopher, ſomewhat bluntly.

I am in no great haſte, replied Philamir.

But I ſhould wiſh to hear you immediately, ſaid Gelanor; leave us Mirza.

The beauteous Mirza laid her book upon the table, and, after a very low courteſy, retired.

What a charming lady, cried Philamir! how modeſt, how graceful! wherefore is ſhe in mourning?

She is a widow.

How long has ſhe been ſo?

About a month; her huſband was very ill when he arrived, and died in a fortnight.

I will engage that her underſtanding equals her beauty——Why are you ſilent?——

And wherefore theſe queſtions?

Mere curioſity.

Take

Take care, my lord, of curioſity; it is too natural to youth; and remember whither it may lead.

Mine is very innocent——But tell me, Gelanor, has Mirza much underſtanding?

Yes, much.

Then ſhe poſſeſſes every perfection.

But did you come, my lord, to ſpeak of Mirza.

What I have to ſay is not very intereſting—A repetition of old griefs. I am diſcontented; Zeolide is no longer the ſame; her temper is quite altered—Vexed, irritated at nothing——Her reproaches are eternal——I am tired of all this—Mirza has an air of ſuch mildneſs, ſuch tenderneſs——Is ſhe chearful?

Why, my lord, do you aſk?—Let us ſpeak of the Princeſs; for never ſince I have inhabited the Palace of Truth, have I read a heart more noble, more pure, more affectionate, than her's.

Pray did ſhe love her huſband?

Her huſband!—Of whom are you ſpeaking?

Of Mirza.

Really, my lord, you are not worthy to poſſeſs the heart of the moſt charming Princeſs on earth.——What a difference there is between your ſentiments and thoſe of Zeolide? Among all the men here aſſembled, and many of them are amiable, Zeolide ſees only you; all eyes are fixed

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on her, and I know two or three Princes who love her to diſtraction; Zeolide only is ignorant of their love, or at leaſt never remembers it.

And I, replied Philamir, love none but Zeolide; and as I ſhould certainly excite her jealouſy, were I to ſee Mirza again, I promiſe never to return to this apartment.

Gelanor highly praiſed this reſolution, which Philamir ſtrictly kept.

The Prince left the Philoſopher, and viſited Palmis, for whom he had conceived a great friendſhip. Palmis had not the delicacy of Zeolide, conſequently could not always in her heart approve her manner of thinking. Being obliged to ſpeak as ſhe thought, when Philamir complained of Zeolide, Palmis, though with regret, could not avoid owning the Princeſs was ſometimes unreaſonable.

Philamir and Palmis were converſing together, when Zeolide unexpectedly entered. The Prince and Palmis bluſhed ——What, I embarraſs you? ſaid Zeolide.

Yes, madam, replied Palmis.

Of whom were you ſpeaking?—Nay, anſwer.

Of you; the Prince complained of your temper.

Well, and what do you ſay?

That he was right, and that it was not to be borne.

So

So then, you endeavour to increaſe his ill opinion of me?——Were I really capricious and unreaſonable, ought my friend to ſay ſo? eſpecially to——

You forget, madam, we are in the Palace of Truth; could I ſpeak as I wiſh, my firſt care ſhould be to perſuade the Prince he is always wrong when he thinks diſadvantageouſly of you.

Zeolide had nothing to reply, but was vexed and ſilent. Philamir and Palmis durſt not venture a word. At laſt, the Princeſs, heaving a deep ſigh, ſaid, you really are both of you very agreeable company!——What are you thinking of, Philamir?

Of Mirza.

Mirza! who is Mirza?

A young and charming widow, whom I met to-day, by chance in Gelanor's apartment.

And whom you are, no doubt in love with.

I love none but Zeolide.

But you mean to ſee this charming Mirza again?

No; I will ſacrifice to you the pleaſure I ſhould take in her converſation.

Then you think me jealous.

I do.

Alas! Why can I not ſay I have too much pride to feel any ſuch emotion; muſt you, in ſpite of myſelf, know all my foibles?

The

The Princeſs could not retain her tears—— Nothing but weeping and reproaches, cried Philamir.

Scarcely had he pronounced theſe words, ere he felt the effect they muſt neceſſarily produce in the heart of Zeolide, and fell at her feet. Zeolide rejected him with anger; your want of feeling, ſaid ſhe, is ſhocking.——No, you love me not; or, at leaſt, you are incapable of love like mine—Dare to affirm the contrary.

Would I could.

You confeſs you do not love me, then?

Oh! Zeolide, do not overwhelm me thus; my ſoul is not ſo pure, ſo delicate as your's, but all I can feel I feel for you.

I underſtand——You only eſteem me.

If I did not pronounce the word Love, it is becauſe you yourſelf have prohibited the expreſſion.

Yes, before we came to this Palace.

The inſtant ſhe had ſaid this, Zeolide bluſhed, and turned away her head, to hide her confuſion. Philamir ſmiled, and ſeized the hand of the Princeſs, which he tenderly claſped between his own. Zeolide drew back her hand; pray tell me, ſaid ſhe, how it is poſſible, having only ſeen this *very beautiful lady* once, yourſhould ſo paſſionately deſire to ſee her again?

I do not deſire it *paſſionately*.

Did

Did you not ſay you would *ſacrifice* this pleaſure to me?

I did; had I had the power of chuſing my own words, I ſhould have made uſe of ſome other.

But, in fact, your abſtinence is a ſacrifice.

It is; ſhe is amiable, witty, and her company would have given me pleaſure; I regret it, and cannot avoid ſeeing your jealouſy.

My jealouſy, cried Zeolide, with extreme vexation, what expreſſions! What language!—Yet, alas! it is too true; I have been ridiculouſly jealous, I condemn myſelf for it, and were we not in this fatal Place, it would never have been known.

Some days after this converſation, as Philamir was walking, according to his cuſtom, in the Alley of Palm-trees, he perceived, at a diſtance, the beautiful Mirza, greatly agitated. She approached the Prince, and with a diſturbed and timid air, exclaimed, Pardon me, my lord——I am in great diſtreſs——I have been ſeeking a pocket-book, which I have loſt above this hour; have you found it?

No, replied the Prince; and I am ſorry I have not, ſince I ſee how exceedingly you are afflicted.

It contains my ſecret.

Your ſecret!

I have

I have had the indiſcretion to write down my feelings in that book——But I muſt ſay no more ——Adieu, my lord, and if by chance you ſhould find my pocket-book, deign to promiſe you will reſtore it me, and eſpecially that you will not open it.

I will not.—But if I ſhould be ſo fortunate as to find it, how ſhall I ſee you to return it?

I will be here at this time to-morrow.

So ſaying, Mirza departed, and, as ſhe went, twice turned her head to look at the Prince, who followed her with his eyes, and ſighed when ſhe was out of ſight.

Philamir, in vain, endeavoured to find the pocket-book; he ſearched the gardens round and round, but unſucceſsfully. As, about noon, he was returning towards the Palace, he met the three Courtiers, Ariſteus, Chriſel, and Zoram, all in converſation. Surpriſed to ſee them ſo intimate, he approached, and complimented them on the occaſion. Ah! my lord, cried Chriſel, our mutual fears have united us.

How ſo?

Had we betrayed the State, we could not be in greater peril; nothing can ſave us, we are loſt beyond redemption.

What do you mean?

Phanor,

Phanor, this evening, has invited us to be preſent, while he reads a Play, written by himſelf.

But the Piece may be good.

Unfortunately for us, it is execrable. We heard it ſix months ago, and perſuaded Phanor it was a chef-d'œuvre.

I conceive your perplexity; the Genius has, perhaps, invited you to this new reading, only to put your ſincerity to the proof.

Oh! no; he is perfectly ſecure, and that is the worſt part of the affair; he believes we have flattered him on every poſſible ſubject, this alone excepted.

But why would he read a work you have already heard?

Becauſe he has made many alterations; there are likewiſe two celebrated Authors, juſt arrived, whom he intends to aſtoniſh and confound, by reading them his production.

He will be too buſy with them to obſerve you.

Yes, but it is neceſſary to cry and laugh at this infernal piece; which are impoſſible, in this place, for it would be immediately ſeen whether the tears were or were not real.

May not an Author be deceived, think you? Is there, in fact, a charm ſufficiently ſtrong to prevent an Author from being a dupe? Let us

only be confident, my friends, and I hope the Genius will not be able to read our countenances.

Beſides, added Philamir, his attention will be wholly directed towards theſe newly arrived Authors, who will ſpeak without apprehenſion, not knowing the effects of the place they are in.

True, my lord; and, in order to keep them in ignorance, on this ſubject, till the reading is over, they have been taken to an apartment diſtant from thoſe of other gueſts.

Did they come both together?

No; and, as it is already known they hate each other, they are ſeparately lodged.

The Genius appeared, and the converſation changed.—I warrant, ſaid Phanor, you were ſpeaking of my play.

Yes, my lord, anſwered Zoram, trembling.

I am certain you were not ſpeaking againſt it; for never ſhall I forget how you were affected when you heard it firſt. To-day you will be ſtill more delighted, for I have made ſuch additions! So ſublime! Our Authors will be ſomewhat ſurprized; and, as they do not know the virtues of this Palace, I am certain they will teſtify as much jealouſy as admiration. What think you.

Nobody, my lord, can be jealous of your wit.

What,

What, becauſe of my rank! I aſſure you that is no impediment. About a year ago, I read this very piece to a man of real wit, but who is himſelf a writer; well, ſir, he could not hide his jealouſy; his praiſe was ſo cold, ſo aukward, his perplexity ſo great, and his ſufferings ſo cruel, he really excited my compaſſion. The vanity of an Author is abſolutely unaccountable. As for me, I am juſt, and do not deceive myſelf. Often, in the courſe of my exiſtence, have I been deceived, but never on that ſubject; never was flattered there——And why? Becauſe the thing is impoſſible.

Phanor's confidence and diſcourſe made the Courtiers heart ſhrinks within them. After dinner, the Genius ſent to inform Learchus and Tarſis he was ready to receive them; and the former arriving firſt, Phanor interrogated him concerning Tarſis. I hate him, replied Learchus, though the principle of my hatred obliges me to diſſemble; I wiſh to ſeem equitable; ſecretly I caluminate, publicly I praiſe him, but in an artful manner; I have no intention to do him juſtice, but to perſuade the world I do.

You hear! ſaid the Genius, whiſpering Chriſel, with a ſmile of penetration: ſuch is the envy of

which I juſt now ſpoke, and hence you may imagine if I do not know the human heart.

Tarſis entered, and, after a moment's converſation, Phanor unfolded his manuſcript: the two authors placed themſelves oppoſite, Philamir and the Courtiers by his ſide, and the Genius thus began:

I muſt firſt inform you, Gentlemen, this Play is a Maſter-Piece.

Yes, anſwered Learchus, that is cuſtomary; a reading is ſeldom begun, till ſomething like this has firſt been ſaid; but you need not fear, my Lord, we ſhall none of us ſpeak a word of what we think, we will load you with praiſes.

Tarſis was confounded to hear him: he could not conceive it poſſible to carry truth and indiſcretion ſo far. The Genius ſmiled—Yes, ſaid he, I can depend upon your ſincerity, and am well aſſured you will be obliged to praiſe what you ſhall hear. Know then, Gentlemen, you will melt into tears during the firſt and ſecond act, laugh at every ſpeech in the third and fourth, and be aſtoniſhed to find the fifth ſo ſublime. The ſtyle is elegant and pure, the characters natural and well ſuſtained, the plot artfully managed, and the denoument admirable.

Very

Very frank, upon my word, cried Tarſis. Authors uſually ſay as much, but it is in a far-fetched and ambiguous manner. For my part, my Lord, I like your proud plain way better; it is at leaſt more comic, and may give one a love for modeſty.

I own, replied Phanor, when I am at home, I cannot help ſpeaking thus undiſguiſedly; my language may aſtoniſh, but you will ſoon ſee, however, there is nothing really extravagant in all I have ſaid.

The Genius then began to read, and, as it was neceſſary to weep during the two firſt acts, the Courtiers took out their handkerchiefs, and hid their faces. The Genius ſtopped almoſt at every line: obſerve, ſaid he, how profound is that reflexion! how original that thought! how philoſophic this! and ſpoke ſo continually, during theſe interruptions, and between the acts, and praiſed himſelf ſo much, that his auditors had abſolutely no room to ſay any thing. The two Authors ſeemed very attentive, and finding the device of the handkerchiefs a very happy one, they made uſe of the ſame expedient and hid their faces. Phanor triumphed, when he beheld all their handkerchiefs in motion at the end of the ſecond act. Come, come, ſaid he, dry your tears and prepare to laugh.

Phanor ſet the example, when he thought it was neceſſary to laugh. How humorous this is, how full of wit is that, cried he, every inſtant; there are a few free ſtrokes, and ſome double-entenders, but theſe are the taſte of the age, and we cannot make folks laugh without them; to unite decency and wit is too hard a taſk; and, for my part, I only wiſh to pleaſe, therefore do not perplex myſelf about morality or good manners, but ſacrifice them without ſcruple, every time a ſtroke of wit or ſeductive deſcription invite.

There is nothing wonderful in that, replied Learchus, we do the ſame; it is neceſſary, however, for form's ſake, though a work may be licentious to exceſs, to ſcatter a certain quantity of ſentiments through it, and moral phraſes; after the moſt free and indecent traits, one is charmed to ſee an eulogium on virtue; ſuch a thing is not expected in ſuch a place, but the ſurprize is for that reaſon the more agreeable.

No doubt, anſwered Phanor, and you will find I underſtood this fineſſe; for my play ends with four verſes, which tell the ſpectators it has a moral purpoſe; though I can aſſure you, without ſeeking to raiſe myſelf in your eſteem, I had no other purpoſe but that of diſplaying my ſuperior abilities. But let us go on to the fourth act.

Pray,

Pray, my lord, muſt we laugh ſtill? ſaid Tarſis.

Oh! I underſtand you, returned Phanor: ſilence, if you pleaſe, and liſten.

During the three laſt ſcenes of this act, Learchus and Tarſis ſeveral times endeavoured to burſt into a laugh; and the Genius, reclining towards Zoram, ſaid, ſoftly, Do you not obſerve? Envy will not let them laugh, only from the teeth outwards; how the Hag gnaws their hearts; this is much more flattering to me than all the praiſes they could poſſibly give, for my vanity is equally clear-ſighted and delicate.

As ſoon as he had ended, the Genius roſe, rubbed his hands, and, ſmiling, ſaid, Theſe Gentlemen will not explain themſelves, and we ſhall ſee the exact ſtate of their thoughts.

I am in the utmoſt perplexity, my lord.

And ſo am I, I aſſure you.

Oh! I do not doubt that, cried Phanor, with malignity.

It is difficult to praiſe you my Lord.

That is to ſay, you cannot find expreſſions; this is the greateſt praiſe you can give.

I have never heard any thing ſo extravagant, ſo wild.

As my third and fourth act, very true, they are out of the common road; thus you ſee I did not exaggerate, when I told you you would find humour abſolutely run wild. It muſt be owned, Chriſel, added the Genius, it is charming to hear all this ſaid in the Palace of Truth.—But what is your opinion, Tarſis? You are ſilent.

My Lord, anſwered Tarſis, however envious——

There! exclaimed the Genius, tranſported with joy; there, Zoram, did not I predict?—— You hear he is devoured with envy.—But why ſhould I longer abuſe the neceſſity theſe poor people are under of ſpeaking what they think? I ought to be ſatisfied, and not ſeek to humble men too much.

Phanor diſmiſſed his Authors, and, when they were gone, converſed ſome time longer with the Courtiers. He aſked no queſtions, for he had no doubts; he ſpoke only of his own fame, and the vaſt ſucceſs his piece muſt have. Thus were the Courtiers freed for a little fear.

As ſoon as they were alone, Was I wrong, ſaid Ariſteus, to conceive hopes of eſcaping the danger? Every illuſion vaniſhes here, except vanity, and that is more mighty than a hoſt of Magicians. Love itſelf is not ſo blind as an Author corrupted by flattery and ſelf-conceit.

The

The next day, Philamir went to the alley of Palm-trees, where he did not, at firſt, find Mirza, but walked about, expecting her arrival. After he had walked ſome time, he ſaw a ſheet of written paper, on the graſs, in a woman's hand; he read, and was amazed to find charming verſes, in which Mirza expreſſed for Philamir a moſt violent paſſion.—Oh! unhappy and amiable Mirza, cried the Prince, this no doubt is one of the pages of that pocket-book which thou didſt ſearch for with ſuch anxiety. The wind, during the night, has blown it hither.——Alas! Is this then the ſecret Mirza would hide from me?——Ah, how dangerous is the diſcovery!

Mirza at this moment appeared, Philamir flew to meet her. Oh! my Lord, ſaid Mirza, I have juſt found my pocket-book, but there is a leaf gone.——Heavens! what do I ſee, that very leaf in your hands!—And you have read it?—Unfortunate Mirza! Thy evils then are at the height.

So ſaying, Mirza fell on the lawn, and ſeemed ready to faint; the Prince quite beſide himſelf, kneeled to aſſiſt her. Oh Mirza, cried he, with a broken voice, into what dreadful diſtreſs haſt thou plunged me!——Can it be?——Loved by thee!

Cruel Prince, replied Mirza, ſince you have read that writing, the ſilence I had impoſed upon my lips is uſeleſs; it cannot now conceal my weakneſs.——Yes, I adore you. Alas! you alone have taught me to know the moſt violent, the moſt imperious of all the paſſions; never ſhall I baniſh it my boſom. No, I feel it will follow, or rather precipitate me to the grave. Your's I cannot be, your faith is engaged, and I have only to die.

To die! Heavens! cried Philamir, and ſhall I be the cauſe of your death?——Rather let——Oh Mirza! conceive the horror of my ſituation ——I am under a ſacred engagement——

I know it but too well, interrupted Mirza; and were you willing to break it, I never would conſent. Zeolide is worthy to participate your happineſs. Love ſhall never make me unjuſt. Often has Gelanor ſpoken to me of the Princeſs, and intereſted me in her behalf: not daring to ſpeak in your praiſe, I liſtened, with pleaſure, to the eulogiums of a Lady ſo dear to your heart. No, Zeolide, I cannot hate thee, for thou loveſt Philamir.

What ſentiments! What, not hate your Rival!

Without her you could not be happy, and I would give my life, were it neceſſary, to ſave her's.

Oh

Oh Mirza! how great is the admiration you inſpire!

Adieu, my Lord, you know my heart. I cannot forbear repeating, and remember, *I ſpeak it in the Palace of Truth*, I ſhall love you to the laſt breath of life. In this boſom you will ever reign, and over a heart as virtuous and pure as it is noble and affectionate. Incapable of ambition and of jealouſy, I might have made you happy if—Ah! deareſt Prince, adieu.

This is not to be ſupported, cried Philamir.—Oh, adorable Mirza! do you then mean to quit the Palace? I know your three months are expired, but I am obliged to remain here three weeks longer.

I ſhould inſtantly depart, replied Mirza, where not Gelanor ill; but to him my attendance is neceſſary, and I muſt ſtay. I inſiſt, however, that you come not to his apartment; and I conjure you never to confide to any one the ſecret you thus have learnt by ſurprize. You cannot utter a falſehood, but you can be ſilent.—Once more, my Lord! and for ever—adieu!

As ſoon as ſhe had ſpoken, Mirza ran with extreme precipitation; the Prince would have held her, but Mirza, with a commanding and majeſtic air, forbade him to follow, and Philamir

was forced to obey. The charms of Mirza's perſon and mind, and the admiration and compaſſion ſhe inſpired, did but too powerfully combat the fidelity he owed to Zeolide; his vanity too was moſt potently flattered; to inſpire love in the breaſt of a Lady, ſo heroically virtuous, was a triumph which Philamir could not help feeling. Love muſt rob the beauteous and ſublime Mirza of life; the Prince could not doubt it: Zeolide might find conſolation. This was a reflection Philamir often made, yet he continued to love Zeolide. He thought the Princeſs much inferior to her Rival, but, at the ſame time, he found an unknown charm about Zeolide, which Mirza did not poſſeſs. Zeolide attracted, inſinuated, and was deeply engraven in his heart. Mirza dazzled and inflamed the imagination; but ſhe was too much above him; ſhe aſtoniſhed too much to delight.

The fear of betraying the ſecret of Mirza made Philamir avoid Zeolide as much as poſſible; and, perceiving how mortally he dreaded to be alone with her, reaſon and pride equally bade the Princeſs not ſeek a flying Lover. After ſo much vexation, ſo many inquietudes, torments, and ſtruggles, Zeolide began to ſuffer leſs; ſhe had ſeen too many illuſions vaniſh not to find Love almoſt extinct in her boſom.

The three weeks at length were paſſed, and the day came when Philamir was to quit the Palace of Truth. Before the Princeſs was awake, Philamir went to the alley of Palm-trees. He had a ſtrong deſire once more to ſee Mirza, and had written to conjure her once more to come, yet durſt not hope the ſevere Mirza would conſent to receive his laſt farewel. How great was his joy, when he ſaw her ſuddenly appear! Mirza teſtified the utmoſt ſurprize at perceiving the Prince. She would have fled, but was withheld by Philamir. Ah! my Lord! ſaid ſhe, I thought you had already quitted the Palace, and I returned to viſit a place ſo dear to my heart.

Have you not received my note, then?

Your note, my Lord!——Oh! no.

Philamir was grieved to think he owed the happineſs of ſeeing her again to chance alone. Every thing that gratitude or tenderneſs could inſpire the Prince uttered. Mirza went and diſcovered ſentiments ſo heroic, and at the ſame time ſo paſſionate, that the Prince fell enraptured on his knees, and could only expreſs his admiration by his tears. The Prince, juſt at this moment, hearing the leaves ruſtle, turned his head, but what was his ſurpriſe, or rather terror, when he beheld Zeolide!

The

The Princeſs, motionleſs with amazement, ſtood ſilent; the confuſed Philamir durſt not ſpeak. At length, Mirza, addreſſing herſelf to the Princeſs, related her whole ſtory. You ſee, madam, added ſhe, I have nothing to reproach myſelf with. I do not fear that even my Rival ſhould read my moſt ſecret thoughts; and I not only do not hate you but have a lively ſenſation of what your feelings muſt this moment be. I ſuffer as much from your woes as from my own. Philamir regrets me, this cannot be denied; but it is you he loves, and, were he to attempt to break his engagement to you, I would oppoſe his intentions. I am about to quit, and never ſee him more. The effort will coſt me my life, but duty is far more ſacred than love.

And is it poſſible, ſaid Zeolide, that a paſſion, which reaſon cannot approve, may become thus violent in a heart like your's?—Adieu Philamir, continued the Princeſs, I reſtore you your freedom, and at length regain my own; but, in renouncing you, I renounce the married ſtate.—Adieu, may you be happy!

Stop, Zeolide, cried Philamir, diſtracted.

Go, my Lord, ſaid Mirza, with a languiſhing voice, go, recover your miſtreſs, and abandon the wretched Mirza! She no longer loves, I adore—Oh!

Oh! that by ſacrificing my heart I could reſtore you hers, ſince you cannot live without her.

Oh Mirza! How ſublime a ſoul! Yes, Mirza, you merit bliſs! Yet, Zeolide!—I cannot myſelf underſtand the preſent feelings of my ſoul.

Cruel man! Can you heſitate between a woman who abandons you, and the unfortunate affectionate Mirza?—Should you, now hope has entered my heart, ſhould you now abandon me, you will behold me expire.—Yet, what do I ſay? Heavens! I am diſtracted! Alas, I cannot here conceal my thoughts——Let me be gone.

No, ſaid the Prince, I will not barbarouſly devote to death the moſt amiable and virtuous of women.

Oh God! What do I hear! exclaimed Mirza. Shall I live?——Do you then promiſe me your faith?

The Prince could not reply, tears impeded ſpeech——Come then, dear Philamir, continued Mirza, haſte, let us fly this Palace, ſtay not a moment.

So ſaying, Mirza, tranſported, pulled the Prince along with her, who ſhed a torrent of tears. They approached the fatal gates of the Palace, when they were ſuddenly met by the venerable Gelanor; Mirza ſhuddered——Fly! Prince, fly this

this old man, exclaimed ſhe; liſten not to his words!

Stop, cried the Philoſopher——Flight is uſeleſs—The gates are cloſed.

At theſe dreadful ſounds, Mirza turned pale, her trembling legs ſcarcely could ſupport her.—Gelanor approached, and ſeizing her by the arm—Perfidious woman, ſaid he, return the *Taliſman*, or I will inſtantly deliver you to the vengeance of Phanor! Mirza did not heſitate a moment, but taking *the box of cryſtal* from her pocket, gave it to Gelanor, who, turning towards Philamir, ſaid, now liſten to that woman, for whom you have ſacrificed Zeolide; ſpeak, Mirza, ſpeak, I command you, cried the Philoſopher.

Well then, ſaid Mirza, I had but the maſk of virtue; ambition and vanity alone inſpired me with a deſire to ſeduce this weak and credulous Prince.

You have ſaid enough, replied Gelanor, be gone.

Mirza diſappeared; and the Prince, raiſing his eyes and hands to Heaven, exclaimed, Wretch that I am! What have I done? Oh Zeolide!—Yet how could I ſuſpect ſuch ſentiments and paſſion ſo natural?

Know you what gave them that appearance?—Pride—With a little leſs vanity you would have

have thought, how dangerous ſoever love may be, it is not a diſeaſe of which people die; you would have known that not even compaſſion ſhould make you forfeit a ſacred promiſe.

Oh Gelanor! what courſe muſt I take? Adviſe me; be my protector, my guide.

All is not loſt; Phanor is informed of every thing, and is this inſtant endeavouring to prevail on the Princeſs to grant you a generous pardon; he will come to ſeek you, when it ſhall be time for you to appear.

Mean while, replied Philamir, inform me how this Taliſman, which Phanor gave to the beauteous Agelia, could fall into the hands of the artful Mirza.

That I ſhall do, in a few words, replied the old man.—When Agelia quitted the Palace, as ſhe came to the gate, ſhe took this precious box from Nadir, and gave it me. Gelanor, ſaid ſhe, I give you this Taliſman, on condition you never return it to Phanor; and that you lend it to women, as often as by this means you can preſerve them from any great peril. Be you henceforth the protector of the weaker ſex, in this dangerous Palace; and though you contemn the guilty, pity and preſerve them if poſſible.

Thus ſpoke the amiable Agelia. I received the Taliſman, and, conformable to her benevolent intentions,

intentions, have, for theſe eighteen years, preſerved many wives from the wrath and reſentment of their huſbands. I lent them the Taliſman, and they had too much intereſt to keep the ſecret, for me to fear the leaſt indiſcretion on their parts; each woman, with whom the box has been depoſited, returned it at departing; and no man to this day ever found out the ſecret.

About four months ſince, as I was walking in the gardens, perceived a beautiful lady weeping. This lady was Mirza; who told me ſhe had arrived that morning, and had learnt, by chance, the virtue of the Palace. I have a huſband, added ſhe, in a conſumption; he has but a ſhort time to live; I have made him happy, but have deceived him; ſhould he interrogate me, his laſt moments will become dreadfully miſerable, and, perhaps, before he dies, he may ſeek revenge.

I lent Mirza the Taliſman, and calmed her fears; and her huſband, about a month afterwards, expired in her arms, bleſſing heaven for having given him the moſt virtuous of women for a wife. Mirza, become a widow, conjured me to leave the Taliſman in her hands till ſhe departed, that ſhe might preſerve her reputation, which an indiſcreet queſtion in this Palace might deprive her of,

of, if ſhe no longer poſſeſſed this precious preſervative.

Mirza ſeemed attached to me; ſhe was amiable and witty, and her company was not without its charms. I felt, however, how dangerous ſhe might be to others, ſince with ſo much wit and beauty, ſhe alone had the power of diſſimulation. I therefore required ſhe ſhould live in retirement; and, when you arrived, I ordered her to avoid you. Her ſecret was in my poſſeſſion, and ſhe was forced to obey.

At length I fell ill, and Mirza, under pretext of nurſing me, prolonged her ſtay. I ſaw yeſterday ſhe was agitated, and had my ſuſpicions, but ſaid nothing. The Phyſician had ordered me to keep my room a few days longer, which Mirza knew; but this morning I wiſhed to ſee the Princeſs before ſhe went, who related to me the heroic ſcene which had juſt paſſed. I inſtantly ſought for Phanor, he ordered the gates of the Palace to be ſhut; and, as the Princeſs was ignorant of Mirza's perfidy, we agreed not to mention the Taliſman to her; that you, my Lord, if you pleaſe, may avail yourſelf of its virtues to regain the heart of Zeolide.

Here the Philoſopher gave the box of cryſtal to the Prince; and, at the ſame moment a ſlave came from

from Phanor to ſeek Philamir, who, full of trouble and inquietude, flew to the apartment of Zeolide.

As ſoon as he perceived the Princeſs, he ran, flung himſelf at her feet, diſcovered the deceit of Mirza, and ſhewed her the Taliſman which he had laid upon the table: by hiding this ſtory, and keeping that Taliſman, ſaid he, I might have perſuaded you I did not go with Mirza, and had reſiſted all her ſeductions; but though I cannot loſe you without the loſs of happineſs, I would prefer even that to deceit. Yes, Zeolide, I was ſeduced, inveigled; I no longer have the ſame blind and impetuous paſſion which I felt before our arrival in this fatal Palace; but I love you, as I ſhall for ever love you; without you I cannot be happy, and you alone of all the Ladies in the world can inſure me felicity.

When he had ended, the lovely Zeolide gave the Prince her hand, which he received with tranſport. The ſentiments you diſcover, ſaid ſhe, are worthy, and all I wiſh; and did this Palace deſtroy no other illuſions than thoſe which nouriſh love, I ſhould not repent my having inhabited it; but the air we here breathe is fatal even to friendſhip. Come, Philamir, come; let us leave this dangerous place.

So-

So ſaying, the Princeſs roſe, Philamir followed, and the two Lovers, with Phanor and Altemira, went to mount their Chariots.

They were going to leave the gloomy Palace of Truth, when they ſaw, with inexpreſſible ſurprize, the cryſtal walls aſſume another colour, loſe their tranſparency, become opaque, and ſuddenly tranſform themſelves into porphyry and marble of a beautiful white.

The Monarch of the Genii appeared; the Charm is deſtroyed, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the young Lovers, and you now may remain in this new Palace, in which you will find all the illuſions neceſſary to content. May the remembrance of the Palace of Truth for ever preſerve you from injurious jealouſy, and teach you to repreſs the firſt emotions of an indiſcreet curioſity; and may you never forget that unbounded confidence, and amiable indulgence form the ſoft ties by which hearts are united.

THE END.